

Christmas Saturday Night in Tubes Ready for Mailing 50c.

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Around Town.

On Friday morning last I received from a correspondent a clipping from the *Montreal Gazette*. It was in the shape of a despatch from Belleville reporting a sermon preached in St. Michael's church in that city by Rev. Mgr. Farelly, in which he referred to the recent adverse criticisms passed on Archbishop Cleary's references to Protestant marriages and funerals. Rev. Mgr. Farelly was reported as saying that the whole storm was created by the *Toronto Globe* and "that infidel paper, *TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT*," other papers following the lead. I immediately telegraphed to Rev. Monsignor Farelly of Belleville:

TORONTO, Friday, Nov. 26, 1897.
Statement appears in *Montreal Gazette* that in St. Michael's you referred to *TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT* as "that infidel paper." Did you use the words?

Rev. Monsignor Farelly has not seen fit to reply to that telegram. He has not repudiated the statement ascribed to him, and, by his silence, assumes the responsibility of it, both as a statement made in an Ontario church and published in one, if not many, Quebec newspapers. It is now our privilege to press for damages in the courts and under the laws of two provinces.

Rev. Monsignor Farelly of Belleville must be made to understand that he can be got at. He stigmatized *SATURDAY NIGHT* as "an infidel paper" in order to destroy its influence, and wholly in defiance of the truth of the matter, for if he searches the files of this paper from the first issue printed until the present one, he will not find one single item or paragraph tinged with infidelity or atheism, but he will find that scores of times this paper has gone out of its way to resist sentiments of infidelity and atheism. One of the most abusive attacks ever made on this paper came from the organ of the Freethinkers when *SATURDAY NIGHT* devoted half a page to exposing the dreary and ruinous character of the principles taught by Col. Ingersoll. It is not necessary, however, to go over the ground. Rev. Monsignor Farelly of Belleville has gone too far in his anger and has placed himself within reach of the law. He is an old man. He has lost his once keen sense of the value of words. Among his own people his vagaries and extravagances of speech have for some time been borne tolerantly because of that long, clean and honorable record of usefulness which stands to his credit. Because of that same record and the affection in which he is held by his people, any epithet less unjust and injurious than the one used by him would be overlooked by *SATURDAY NIGHT*, but as the matter stands, the publishers of this paper have placed the case in the hands of their solicitor.

On Thanksgiving Day it was shown that nearly all the newspapers of Ontario are held in equal detestation, although the *Globe* and *SATURDAY NIGHT* are selected for special condemnation. The clergy of the Archdiocese of Kingston presented Archbishop Cleary with an address, from which I have selected the following references to the editor of the *Globe* and the other press men who ventured to censure the outburst of His Grace of Kingston:

We have been all along admiring your Grace's sublime serenity—Satan and his agents—poor little political fool—that poor little ignorant creature—We know that he has a special grudge against Your Grace, because it was your duty more than once to chastise him in sight of the public—Your Grace, the most forgiving man in the world—this journalistic pigmy.

This was signed on behalf of all and each of the priests of the arch-diocese of Kingston: James Farelly, Vicar-General and Prelate to Pope Leo XIII.'s household; Chas. H. Gauthier, Vicar-General; Thomas Kelly, Vicar-General; John Masterson, Dean; Charles B. Murray, Dean. To this, His Grace, crozier in hand, made reply with sublime serenity, and I quote selected fragments:

Enjoyed the preternatural fury of the agents of Satan—spite and malice and stormy anger of the evil one—Felt himself honored by the recent outburst of hellish spite and lying—felt proud—rejoiced—more nappy day after day as the anti-Christian newspaper breeze grew louder and stronger—those worthless scribes—How can any decent man live in a country where so vile a press is allowed to pollute society in this fashion?—Is this, after all, the darkest Africa, the land of the Zulus and Ashantees?—Among those two dozen or more anti-Christian scribes it is safe to say there is not one truthful or honorable man, not one educated man, not one who could pretend to be a gentleman—Taking them all in all they are the vilest gang of outlaws on this Western Continent—the shame of Ontario—those abominably wicked men—Villains and slanderers—May my right hand become withered and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I ever fail to denounce the hatred, the lying, the slander and the hellish malignity of the no-hopey scribes of Ontario.

This sounds singularly like the language of a lay brawler. The Archbishop uses the term "anti-Christian" where the Vicar-General used "infidel," and from the remarks of both clerics we may reasonably infer that they disagree with the opinions expressed by the editor of the *Globe*, myself and some two dozen other newspaper men. His Grace has shown such sublime serenity and has extracted so much happiness, growing greater, accumulating continually from day to day, that we tremble to think of the language he could have used had he not waited for the accretive happiness of several weeks before trusting himself to speak, for even now his happiness and satisfaction seem scarcely to

have progressed to the stage known as re-possessful.

As a matter of fact, the Archbishop has robbed the Vicar-General's slander on this paper of much of its effect by describing all the leading papers of the province as "anti-Christian," and he would probably have said "infidel" but that he is versed in the law of libel. He really means the "anti-Cleary" press. This includes not only this paper, but the *Globe*, *World*, *News*, *Star*—all the Protestant denominational papers of Toronto, the leading papers of Hamilton, London, and the other towns and cities of the province. To class all these papers as infidel or anti-Christian is absurd in the sight of all but those who hold that Protestantism itself is anti-Christian. A great many of us have been rounded up rather

some trouble she had an awkward feeling that she must buy something. If she got away from one clerk, another intercepted her and in an excess of kindness insisted on showing her some more goods. This is not an isolated case.

A merchant who used to do a big business in Yonge street used to stand inside his door and greet the incoming customers by name. He thought it good business to welcome them and bid them good-bye when they left. He failed in business. Shoppers do not like to feel that the proprietor knows them and has his eye on them to see what they purchase, and this is the embarrassing sensation that such espionage gives them. A merchant may be personally acquainted with many of his best customers, and his duty to these is of a special character, but he cannot possibly know all his customers

Center Toronto, as I pointed out last week, is above or below sentimentality in politics, and since 1871 has, without a skip, changed sides whenever the Government has changed hands. To such a constituency a by-election is not even embarrassing. This constituency is the political center of the province, and its feelers reach out everywhere, so that it is as sensitive as a barometer to impending change. Mr. Bertram, the Government candidate, was elected by Center Toronto, and notwithstanding the unqualified assurances of victory for Mr. Howland given by some of the Conservative papers, the result was not in doubt for a moment. The singular power of the family name of Howland in old St. John's and St. James' Wards, enabled the Conservative candidate to make a remarkably good run.

corporations, just as the Reformers used to appeal to the people; the Conservatives professed fear of pluggers, just as the Reformers used to profess fear of them; the Conservatives find the defeat a moral victory, just as the Reformers, in times past, claimed many a moral victory. Need we be surprised that many gentlemen have been observed entering the wrong political home? It is surprising that anyone knows where to turn in this political confusion.

After all, what has really happened? A Reformer resigned his seat and another Reformer has been elected to fill it: the seat that Mr. Lount carried under exceptional circumstances, Mr. Bertram has now carried under normal circumstances. The Conservative who has just been beaten resigned a seat in the Legislature which he held by a majority of over two thousand votes, and if South Toronto should now be called on to choose a member, neither he nor any other man could win for the party by any such majority. Onlookers are quite at a loss to account for the style of generalship adopted by the Conservative forces just now. What is to be gained by giving away men and seats? It is not likely that the Ontario Government will open South Toronto, because the present session would probably be over before a poll could be taken, and there will not be another session of the present Legislature. Meanwhile South Toronto is unrepresented, and all kinds of contrary undercurrents may be expected to contend and strive within the party between now and the Provincial elections. If Mr. Howland and his friends find reason for believing that one of the main purposes of the late campaign was to withdraw him from his secure possession of one of the safest seats in the gift of his party, there may be trouble. Once treachery, or the suspicion of it, enters a political organization, its after-career is checkered. Friend is wary of friend—they begin by wearing shirts of mail, and very soon they need them. Ever since the famous strike against Sir Mackenzie Bowell the party has never enjoyed a sound night's rest.

For several years there have been discoveries made at intervals that cattle or hogs in the Dominion or Provincial experimental farms are sick. I am not raising a political question, but pointing out a curious perversity in animals: for no sooner are cattle purchased by a government to serve as models of what cattle should be, than they seem to develop symptoms of a terrible disease which exhibits itself nowhere else in Canada. This either means that governments have unloaded on them all the diseased heifers in the Dominion, or that cattle owned by private persons are not inspected as they should be. We can never make good our claim that Canadian cattle are free from a disease while those owned by governments are found ill with it, for it will be assumed that these are the only ones that are properly examined as to health. It may some day be deemed necessary to appoint in each township a veterinary corner, who might also be an official inspector of herds and flocks. This officer would not only act in cases where diseases were known by their ravages, but he might anticipate outbreaks of diseases and see that tainted milk was not put to family use.

The arrest of a well known clergyman in Eaton's store on the charge of shoplifting is the most startling event of the week in Toronto. It is quite possible that the whole thing is a wretched mistake—indeed, it is highly probable that the clergyman did not even think of the view that might be taken of his actions. He comes from a small neighboring community, and we all have observed the deference shown clergymen in small communities. No doubt when this man entered a store he was accustomed to being promptly served, and in Eaton's, finding himself jostled and shoved about by all kinds of people, no clerk waiting on him, he may not have been able to brook such delay and lack of deference, and proceeded to select the articles that he came to buy. Having got them he would, no doubt, go to the nearest clerk, lay them out and pay for them. The very nature of the things he selected bears out this theory. Those who know all the ins and outs, who shop in great mobs in the department stores, may think my suggestion far-fetched and not plausible. I venture to say, however, that that clergyman has scores of times gathered what he wanted and paid in the way I have suggested. I have seen that done times without number; you may see it done any day in the week in the book-stores in Toronto. It would be impossible for Eaton to allow that practice among his customers, many of whom, etc.; but if a clergyman, so secure in his virtue that he never ever thought of being misunderstood, shopped in Eaton's as he was accustomed to shop in his own town and in news-stands in Toronto, he should not be prosecuted as a criminal and ruined in his career. The utmost care should be exercised in such cases as this, and the name of a man or a woman should not be made public unless guilt is proven.

Architect Lemox is keeping up his noisy silence as to what he is doing about the new civic buildings. MACK.



MISS ESTHER LYONS

Who will appear at Massey Music Hall on Monday Evening.

roughly and condemned in a bunch.

Toronto is no longer a small community, and in many ways the business methods of even fifteen years ago will not answer the purposes of to-day. In small communities a merchant requires his clerks to "make themselves agreeable," but this is very poor policy to-day in Toronto. The change has been partly brought about by the department stores, in which people crush and push in all directions and are free to do anything they like but steal goods. The system on the whole is such that the department store cannot get the worst of it, so it shows the greatest unconcern about the comings and goings of customers. The change is, however, in a large part due to the fact that the city is very large and people do not expect to be recognized. I believe it would not be going too far to say that people not only do not expect to be recognized, but even resent it—not as an impertinence, but as a distinct inconvenience. Having noticed this disposition in some people I watched for it in others, and find that it is fairly general. One lady tells me that she has ceased making purchases in a certain store for the simple reason that nearly every clerk in the place had begun to speak to her by name, and were so exceedingly kind and obliging that she often couldn't refuse to buy articles that did not suit her taste. They made it a personal matter with her, and after putting them to

and should not try to. Several of the specialist merchants in King and Yonge streets have caught this new secret of trade in Toronto, and people are free to come and go unaccompanied unless they give the sign that they wish to see, price or buy something. Their clerks are not allowed to solicit sales, but merely to attend customers without constraining them, and ladies who go in are not treated as if they must buy something mighty soon or be regarded as intruders. I have entered stores and been rushed at by clerks whose manner seemed to say: "What the deuce do you want in here?" Sometimes I have wanted nothing in particular, but wished to see the latest pickle, or fruit, or necktie, and buy if suited. The store should not cry "must" to the person who enters, and the store that seems to insist that, having come in, you are bound in honor to buy something, is on the wrong tack. That store may sell you something; but you pass it next time. The first-class book-stores in Toronto, and two or three of the high-class groceries, should be visited by merchants who stick to the old idea, for in the places mentioned people are free to come and go, yet an enquiring glance of the eye will bring a brisk clerk at once. That is business. Several specialists in other lines have also caught the spirit, and soon people will be free to enter any shop though unready to pump down a specific order for goods.

N. Clarke Wallace can scarcely congratulate himself on his latest play in the game of politics. He was under no personal obligation to Mr. Howland, and the party was still led by the man, or men, who had wrecked it, yet he came back unreservedly and joined hands with the men who tried to defeat him in West York. If he had held out, his position to-day would have been stronger than at any period of his career and he could have pressed for a party reconstruction. As a political factor he lost considerable value on Tuesday. Something in the way of reconstruction must surely now take place, however. A leader who cannot enter a constituency and whose name is only mentioned in whispers, precludes the possibility of party success.

In the party sense, everything has been reversed in this fight, and the parties only need to change their names to make us feel that everything is as it used to be. The Reform candidate talked Protection, the Conservative candidate practically did not; the Reformers are said to have "sprung the election to get a snap verdict," just as the Conservatives were said to have done; the Conservatives complained of "lack of funds" for the first time within my recollection, and the Reformers did not complain of any such lack, also for the first time within my recollection; the Conservatives called on the people to help them fight greedy

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Man and Beast.

An Arabic Legend by M. Febré.



THE lion, king of beasts, superb and generous, had been killed, leaving his lioness and cub behind him to honor his memory and perpetuate his race.

This noble action burned with a desire to travel over the world.

"Why," asked his mother, covering him with caresses, "why do you wish to leave me? Are you not happy here? Take care, my child; beyond these vast solitudes that make your empire you will meet among other dangers the most terrible of all our enemies, he who made you an orphan—that formidable being they call man!"

At last, tired of this eternal warning, and taking council of his courage alone, the young heir to the kingdom of beasts, took leave of his mother one day, saying:

"I fear nothing; I am young and strong; I am as brave as my father was before me, and if I see this creature called man—well—he shall see me!"

He departed.

The first day he perceived an ox in his road.

"Are you man?" he asked.

"No," replied the peaceful creature, chewing his cud; "he of whom you speak is my master; he harnesses me to the plow, and if I move too slowly for him he urges me on with a steel point with which he prods my flesh. It is called a goad, I believe."

The cub walked off pensively.

The next day he saw a horse hobbled in a field.

"Are you man?" asked the fierce traveler.

"Oh, no, my lord," replied the trembling courser. "I am his servant; I carry him on my back. When I do not go at the speed he desires he belabors my flanks with a sort of star-shaped wheel covered with pointed blades."

Shaking his mane fiercely, the young lion resumed his course, gnashing his teeth and asking himself in impotent rage, who this being could be, who made all things submit to his caprice, his force, his will!

A short time after that he came to India, where he met an animal of enormous size, who seemed gifted with indomitable strength.

"This time I cannot be mistaken," he said, approaching it. "You are man, are you not?"

"You are indeed wrong. I am an elephant, and he whose name you have just spoken is my lord and master. I carry him on my back when he hunts the tiger, and—see what confidence he has in me—he leaves me often to keep guard over his little ones."

On hearing these words the young lion hurried on, more and more perplexed.

Suddenly a hollow sound, occurring at regular intervals, startled him from his reverie. The noise seemed to come from the depth of the wood.

He advanced and saw a great oak tree in a clearing, tottering to the ground, felled by an instrument in the hands of a being whom the lion did not at first even notice. Addressing himself to the tree, he asked:

"Are you man?"

"No," replied the giant oak, sinking slowly down; "I am dying of the blows his hands have rained upon me."

Then for the first time the cub deigned to look at the being of whom the oak had spoken. But at the sight of a creature so paltry and frail he roared disdainfully:

"How can this be? Is it you my mother fears so, and of whom she warned me? Was it one of you who dared approach my father? Is it you from whom they have told me to flee?"

"It is I," replied the woodman simply.

"But you, poor creature, you are feebleness itself! My name alone should make you pale with fear, and I could bring you to earth with one blow of my paw."

Not deigning to respond at first, the man cut a deep gash in the trunk of the dying tree, and turning to the young lion said:

"I seem feeble to you. Look at this oak tree; straight and tall, and full of pride in its mighty strength; nevertheless it is felled to earth; you see what my hands can do! As to your name, it does not frighten me; I know one more terrible than that—suffering, poverty! Your cry is less dreadful to me than that of my beast when it calls for bread. It is not my feeble muscle with which I conquer you, it is my mind! That makes me your master!"

"You doubt it still? Put your paw in the groove if you dare," he added, pointing to the crack he held open with his axe.

At the words, "If you dare," the lion obeyed without hesitation. The woodman tore away his axe, still wet with the sap of the forest giant, and the whelp was a prisoner.

"Well—and now; am I a man?" asked the woodman gravely. "Am I your master?"

Crushed by such boldness the lion bent his head in silence to acknowledge his defeat. As soon as he was liberated he stretched himself on the moss and began sorrowfully to lick his bleeding paw. The man bent over the vanquished beast and bathed the wound carefully, then went on his way, his axe swung over his shoulder, without saying a word or even turning his head.

The lion followed him with his eyes until he was lost to sight. Filled with shame, his confidence in his power and courage shaken—two great tears dimmed his eyes, and raising himself wearily, he made his way slowly back to the desert. From that day a lion has known it is useless to attack a brave man.

Because.

For Saturday Night.

The punt was red and the river was yellow,

When a laughing maid let a love-sick fellow

Row her, one sultry day,

Adown the winding way

The river ran,

As rivers can,

Most obstinately stray.

While fully a score of zig-zag miles

He pulled that punt for a few faint smiles

Because

They were not married.

The heifer was red and the pail was yellow,

When a smiling dame asked a fat old fellow

To help her milk the cow,

(Which raised an awful row

And stirred such strife

As man and wife,

To kindle, quite know how).

But that bovine might stray for a thousand miles

Unmilked for all he cared for smiles;

Because

They long were married.

St. Catharines, Dec. 37. ERNEST E. LEIGH.

Books and Shop-Talk.

THE TOUCHSTONE OF LIFE is one of the latest novels issued by Frederick A. Stokes Company of New York. It deals with that vexed question of love

versus honor. A young man of no special abilities finds that his parents, now dead, were not legally wedded. He thereupon wakes up from his careless, easy-going life, throws up his patrimony of three thousand pounds per annum, which he feels he cannot honorably retain, and emigrates to New Britain, where he becomes a great man. Thus far Ella MacMahon has told a strong, spirited narrative, and the character of Ivor Clay is well drawn. In fifteen years he comes back, famous, wealthy, a man of great affairs and matured mind. His heart, however, is untouched and he falls in love with a woman who, we are given to understand, would be the only woman in the world worthy of him. She is beautiful, cultured, and has a mind and spirit like, if not equal to, his own. But she is engaged—and to Clay's half-brother and the inheritor of the estates from which Clay, although the elder, is legally debarred. The scene is then shifted to New Britain, where Lord Stirling, the half-brother, has been appointed Governor-General over Clay's head. Here all the characters are grouped together again, mainly for the purpose of analyzing their thoughts and feelings. I rather think that analysis plays too large a part in the book. The plot is supposed to revolve around a man of strong personality, and his every expression and gesture is elaborated. The author is perpetually uttering threats of what will happen when a man like her hero allows a frown to crease his forehead, a darkness to gather in his look, or a sudden light flare up in his glance. Nothing very much happens to fulfill these threats, and the character would be more convincing if he were allowed to speak more for himself. This he very rarely is able to do in a way worthy of the genius, knowledge and virility he is supposed to possess. Fancy a man who has made himself a large factor in the British Empire making such a wretched pun as this. Teddy, a friend, is talking nonsense about a girl he happens to be in love with, and says, "But in her I have at last found the true note."

"Bank note, eh?" puts in our paragon of wit and wisdom. The italicized word "note" exemplifies another feature which rather weakens the style of the book; not only the dialogue, but the author's own passages abound in italics.

The book contains a number of strong scenes, notably Clay's interview with the lawyer in the earlier part of the volume, and that in which Susan Romer, engaged to another, acknowledges her love for Clay, but will go no farther. But for the fact of the strength of the leading character being rather forced, the book would be both convincing and readable. It is readable as it is.

Another book, very different in kind yet open to the same objection—that the author parades all through it in person—is *The Tormentor*, by Benjamin Swift. This is published in T. Fisher Unwin's Colonial Series. The book is brilliant, but repulsive, for it does not contain one character worthy the reader's admiration. Benjamin Swift has some of the mannerisms of Meredith, a great deal of his method, and a startling, almost a shocking, freedom of thought and expression. Bristol, the leading figure in the book, is a human monstrosity, who approaches love and crime in order to study them, but is made their playing before all is done.

In *Current Literature* for December there is an article pointing out that Rudyard Kipling echoed Emerson's *Brahma* in his poem *An American*.

Emerson wrote:

If the red slayer think he slays,

Kipling wrote:

If the led striker call it a strike,

Emerson:

I am the doubter and the doubt.

Kipling:

He is the jester and the jest.

These lines serve to illustrate the "echo." *Current Literature* is somewhat behind the times with its discovery, for SATURDAY NIGHT, in reviewing Kipling's *Seven Seas* when it came out about a year ago, noticed this "echo" and commented on it, as many of our readers will probably remember. But after all it really does not matter who discovered an echo which Kipling was not minded to conceal, for if his rhyming preface to the *Seven Seas* did not refer to this, what did it refer to?

No man ever got a dollar's worth of experience for ninety cents.

Down—Why do you refer to those very high buildings as serials? Towne—Because they're continued stories.

Mrs. Potter—What were poor Mr. Dunaway's last words? Dr. Potter—He didn't have any. His wife was with him.

He—My friend is opposed to everything English. She—Yes, I noticed that in his conversation.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

We learn to talk during the first few years of our existence, but it takes us all the rest of our lives to learn to keep still.

Witness—Well, Judge, I'll tell you all I know. Judge—All right, go ahead; there are two minutes yet before time to adjourn.

A—Just look at that fellow on the bicycle, will you? Why on earth does he stoop so? B—He must be trying to put his shoulder to the wheel.

The Cherubs—We've come to wish you a merry Christmas, Gran'pa, and Mamma says if you give us each a dollar we're not to lose it on the road home!

Biggs—When I was in Chicago last August, I went skating on the Chicago River. Boggs—You don't mean to say the river was frozen over at that time? Biggs—Oh, no. We used roller skates.—*Life*.

"Thought you said Frank and George agreed in politics?" "So they do." "Well, they argue over it every time they meet." "That's because they don't know what it is they agree on."—*New York Sun*.

"It's three-quarters of an hour since I ordered that turtle soup," snapped the angry guest at the restaurant. "Yes, sah," said the waiter, with an obsequious bow, "but de turtle done make his 'scape, sah, an' dey had to chase him 'bout a mile, sah."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"It's er mistake," said Uncle Eben, "foh er man ter worry so much 'bout economizin' dat he fohgits ter earn anyting ter save up."—*Washington Star*.

The child, said the shoe clerk boarder, "is father to the man." "Oh, not always," said the cheerful idiot. "Sometimes it is a girl."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Hungry Higgins—As for eight hours being enough for a day's work.—Weary Watkins—It ain't. Any man who'll do a day's work ought to get six months.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

He—Did you tell your father that I would kill myself if I couldn't have you? She—Yes, he—What did he say? She—He said that settled it. You couldn't have me.—*Chicago News*.

Johnny (on Christmas eve)—Mamma, can't you give the baby something to make him sleep to-night? Mamma—Why, Johnny? Johnny—Because if Santa Claus hears him yelling he might think we're all just as bad.

The pigeon quailed.

What made the pigeon quail? Was it the shotgun? Nit. It was the menu card.

A little girl whose father was an M.D. was told that she was going to be christened the following Sunday. Soon after she asked her mother if she must be chloroformed first.

"Well, there is one thing to be proud of; we have no class prejudices in this country." "I guess you were never around when three or four sophomores got hold of a freshman."

Little drops of water, Little grains of sand, Make a heap of difference In the price of land.

"She saved the whole family from drowning once." "Indeed! She must be an Amazon." "Oh, no; she simply dressed so slowly that they all missed the boat!"—*Chicago Record*.

Teacher—Come, come, Dick; what comes after ten? Dick—Eight, nine, ten—er—I donno. Teacher—Bobby, can you tell Dick what comes after ten? Bobby—Yes'm—jack, queen and king.

Brownell—It isn't the bicycle which costs the money. It is the bicycle attachments. Harkness (admonishingly)—True; but then you should not form one for every pretty bicycle girl you meet.

It is a funny thing, but in looking back over the long, long years the jokes that we once thought comic now appear to us sad, and the sorrows which nearly broke our youthful hearts now make us chuckle.

A mother recently took her four-year-old boy to church, but had to be constantly chiding him for speaking out in meeting. He finally broke out: "Mamma, if you won't let me talk, take off my shoes so I can work my toes."

She had a voice like a siren, and when she sang:

"Mid play sure, sand pal aces, though heme a Rome Be it averse, oh wum bull there snow play sly comb," and so on to the conclusion, there wasn't a dry



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eye in the room.

A class of little girls, at school, was asked the meaning of the word philosopher. Most of the hands were extended, but one child seemed specially anxious to tell. "Well, Annie, what is a philosopher?" asked the teacher. "A man what rides a philosophede," was the little girl's answer.

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From a Paris paper we take the following conversation in a police court: The President—It appears from your record that you have been thirty-seven times previously convicted. The Prisoner (contentiously)—Man is not perfect.—*London Globe*.

"My wife's health is excellent now." "What has cured her?" "I told her I would allow her so much a month to pay her doctor's bill and buy her gowns; she is now dodging the doctor right along."—*Chicago Record*.

Mrs. Wickwire—Don't you ever make even the slightest attempt at manual labor? Dismal Dawson—Mum, I am livin' the way I am on a bet. I got a wagger of fifty thousand dollars up that I kin live eighty years without workin'.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

A Brief Sojourn in the Beautiful Berkshire Hills.



SHORT time since I visited for the first time, and spent a few weeks in the heart of the Berkshire Hills. Though I had heard often and much of the scenic beauty of that part of the country, my expectations were more than realized. Lately I have been surprised to find that to many

persons, and, too, among those who have traveled much, this portion of the States is practically unknown, that is, as compared with the White Mountains and the Adirondacks, and I conceived the idea of attempting to describe this region, which I consider most beautiful, that possibly those who do not know much of it might derive some benefit, for I believe it would be difficult to find a more charming spot in which to pass the months of September and October. Of course amongst New Yorkers and Bostonians the Berkshire Hills are naturally very well known, being as accessible as they are to both places, and they of course would deem it unlikely that the necessity existed for any description of the vicinity. These hills, or mountains, as they really are, are situated in the State of Massachusetts, extending also into Connecticut, and though on neither so large nor grand a scale as the Adirondacks or the White Mountains, they are in my estimation even more picturesque and beautiful. To the true lover of nature the scenery in some parts is almost unrivaled. I doubt if anything could be more exquisite than the picture my eyes feasted on, and which I mentally carried away with me in October last; the thickly wooded mountains and hills, clothed in their richly hued and brilliant autumnal tints of red, yellow and varied terra cotta, the pretty Housatonic river winding and curving its way—now in sight, then lost to view, again close beside one—through so many of the quaint and lovely towns and villages lying amid the Berkshire Hills. The river is very narrow, its banks thickly wooded, in many places the trees and shrubs drooping low down to the water's edge; at short intervals pretty little rustic bridges span its width and add to its picturesqueness.

The "show" place of this Berkshire region and the one best known, is undoubtedly Lenox, where so many United States millionaires have their magnificent and stately summer residences, and where no expense is spared to make the places beautiful and to keep them up.

However, each resident or habitual frequenter of this lovely hill country has doubtless his or her favorite spot, and Stockbridge, Williamstown, Great Barrington, Sheffield, etc., are among the list of beautiful spots; but the place which most appealed to me in every way is Stockbridge, which is only about six miles from Lenox, a lovely drive or ride, and eight miles from Great Barrington. It is beautiful, quaint, quiet and peaceful; its broad and shady Main street, lined on each side with large elms, seems always green and cool.

One of the most beautiful views, which is claimed to be the finest to be found in the whole Berkshire region, is obtained from Prospect Hill, which is a walk of about a mile or so from this Main street. From this point one seems never to weary of the scene lying before one's eyes, the valley below interspersed with most tastefully laid-out gardens, and beyond the mountains rising, one behind and above the other; and whether they are bathed in the rays of the setting sun or softened and partially veiled by the cloudy mists of a rainy day, they are always and equally beautiful. Some pretty little lakes lie within a radius of three or four miles of the town also, Echo Lake and Stockbridge Bowl being two. They are encircled by hills and mountains, which are often reflected in the mirror-like stillness of their small surfaces. The roads throughout the Berkshire Hills are simply perfect for driving, riding, and above all for bicycling, and it is needless to say that bicyclists by the hundreds are seen everywhere availing themselves of the splendid roads.

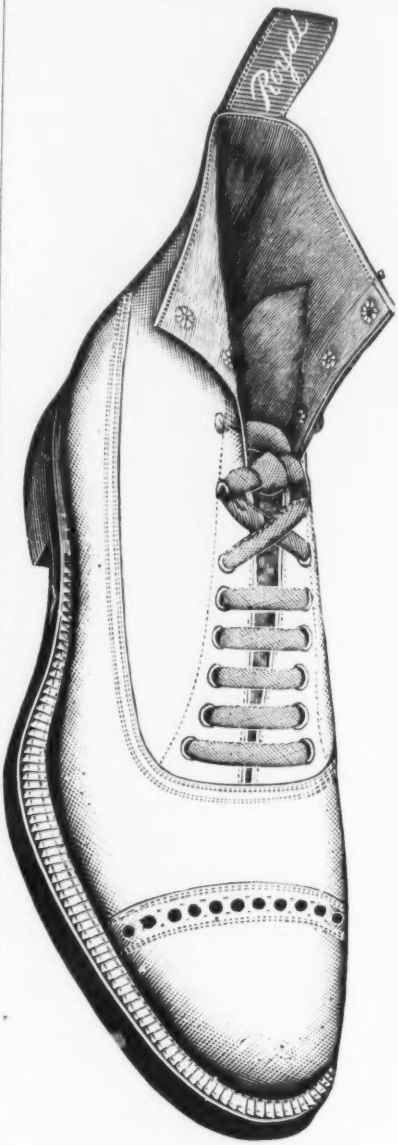
Stockbridge, besides being most beautifully environed, is in itself an interesting little town. There is to be found there a very good public library, a pretty stone building, a gift to the town from one of the once residents. This is open every afternoon, and bi-weekly in the evenings, and all visitors to the place, as well as residents, have the privilege of going there and reading anything they please free of charge—a privilege of which visitors avail themselves, and one which is not often found at a summer resort and in a country town.

There is also a beautiful little Memorial Episcopal church, erected by a resident, (or summer resident rather), in memory of his wife, where there are some very fine stained-glass windows. The old Stockbridge Indians seem to be held in affectionate remembrance. At one end of the main street there is an Indian monument erected to mark the ancient burial-place of the Indians, and a large tower-clock marks the spot where John Sargent first preached to them in the wilderness. Monument Mountain is one of the grandest in this part, deriving its name from the sad and tragic legend in connection with an Indian maiden, and which Bryant has made the subject of a beautiful poem entitled Monument Mountain.

Here, too, in Stockbridge is buried Cyrus Field, the originator of the ocean telegraph, and to whose energy, courage and perseverance the world is to-day indebted for the inestimable convenience and service which the Atlantic cable is to all classes alike. The originator of this vast idea lies now quietly sleeping in this peaceful little New England town, and there is something very pathetic in the plain simplicity of the tombstone at the head of his and his wife's grave, on which is written, "Love is imperishable." His work is done, but all mankind to-day derives benefit from it. He has made some use of the life God gave him, and must have felt happy in the conviction of having achieved something. Alas! how few of us can feel we have done that.

LOUISE GASCOIGNE BURTON.
Toronto, Dec., 97.

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88 Yonge Street,

TORONTO, ONT.

Social and Personal.

THE second public reception given at Government House by Their Excellencies last Saturday was very numerous attended, many who were debarred by various circumstances from attending the first, being early on hand for the second opportunity of paying loyal homage to the Queen's representative and his gracious lady, both of whom are certainly unsparing of themselves in a noble effort to be all things to all men. Society is stirred pleasantly by the prospect of further gala evenings, to culminate in a blaze of splendor at the Victorian Era Ball on December 29. Last week's dance at Government House was a perfect success, and much disappointment reigned when it was announced that His Excellency's attendance at the feast of Haggis and the flow of Scotch would necessitate the postponement of Tuesday's dance to December 7. However, Trinity was to the fore on Tuesday with her usual jam for concert and dance; and those who love the light fantastic found solace in Convocation Hall. Quite a number of visitors to various pleasant homes in the city were at Lady Aberdeen's reception on Saturday. During the past regime one of the most charming things was the kindly welcome given by Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick to the friends of their friends, and it was part of the pleasure of a sojourn in Toronto for many a stranger to spend an interested hour at a Government House reception on Wednesday afternoon. Likewise on Saturday people brought their visitors. From Sylvan Tower came bright and popular Mrs. Edward Harris of London, who is on a visit to Mrs. Becher; Mrs. Angus Sinclair brought her friend, Mrs. Norman, wife of the celebrated Arctic traveler; Mrs. Glenow and pretty Miss Brown-Wallis from Ottawa received friendly greetings from host and hostess; Miss Whish of Barrie, a picture of youth and health, was with her hostess, Miss Law; with Miss Suydam and the Misses Goldham was Mr. Barnhard, fiancee of Miss Nellie, and always popular. There was considerable discussion in quiet corners by the various ladies interested in the formation of the sets, of the personnel and costumes of their dancers for the ball on December 29. Lady Aberdeen wore a delicate pearl-gray silk afternoon gown, with vest of soft cream satin, and was kept very busy receiving and bidding good-bye to the hundreds of visitors. Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski and their beautiful granddaughter, Miss Helen Gzowski, in a most becoming velvet frock, were among the earlier arrivals. Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick came in about half-past five, and made a very slow progress to the tea-room, so many persons blocked the way for a hand-

shake and a word of welcome. His Honor S. Oliver Mowat was early on hand for the reception, looking as spry as the youngest man present, and it was hard enough to get near him, for the glad hands of his friends were many. A very interesting part of the reception was the part devoted to listening, with such success as one might, to the fine violin playing of Mrs. Adamson and the songs rendered by Miss Augusta Beverley Robinson, who looked very smart in a pretty gown and large plumed hat, and Mr. Delasco, whose resonant bass dominated all the clatter of tongues and hushed them into an appreciative silence. The piano was located in the west drawing-room, beside the entrance to the conservatory, a most suitable corner, whence doors opening into corridor and tea-room let the singer's sweet notes reach the furthest recesses even of that dim conservatory where *te-te-a-tetes* are the rule. A good many of Tuesday evening's guests were at the reception, which took for them the nature of a dance call, and the usual crowd blocked the hall to register their names in the various visitors' books or the accommodating sheets of paper in charge of the watchful orderlies.

Mrs. Arthur W. Ross, who has been for some time confined to bed with an attack of bronchitis, is now quite better. Many enquiries have been made for her by those who missed her bright face from social gatherings, where no one in Toronto better holds the affection of her friends.

Mrs. Catto of 188 Bloor street east has sent out cards for an afternoon tea on next Wednesday.

A young bride whose dainty *salon* is the objective point of many a calling dame, is Mrs. Allan Fairweather, who has been receiving at her pretty new home in Dupont street. This street, by the way, is discovered to be very easily accessible by the Avenue road cars, which have their terminus therein.

Thirteen years ago thirteen young men formed an organization known as the Thirteen Club, and it may be given as a proof of the fallacy of the thirteen superstition that on Monday evening, at 8.13 o'clock, November 22, the Club was still alive and celebrating its thirteenth anniversary around the dinner-table at McConkey's. Besides the active and honorary members and their wives and lady friends, there were present as guests: Mr. W. Sanford Evans, vice-president of the New Canadian Club; Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Willmott, Mr. F. H. Bridgen of the Saturday Night Club, and Mr. R. E. Keyes of the Fifteen Club. In the menu card and toast-list the Club exhibited its usual originality and superstition; witchcraft and demonology afforded the speakers an

adequate theme or an excuse for expressing more serious thoughts. Mr. W. Sanford Evans spoke eloquently on Tongues in Trees, and urged upon Canadians the necessity for ideals, for patriotism and for faith in their country. The other leading addresses of the evening were given by Messrs. James Hales, Alex. Mills, Walter H. Kestin of Buffalo, and J. Edward Maybee, in response to the toasts, The Thirteen Superstition, The Hand of Glory, The Witch's Broomstick and The Rabbit's Left Hind Foot. The president, Dr. W. E. Willmott, responded to the toast of The Club, proposed by Dr. J. B. Willmott. Shorter speeches were made by Mr. W. A. Skeans, Prof. A. B. Willmott, Messrs. R. E. Keyes, F. H. Bridgen, E. J. Hathaway, A. E. Huestis, J. M. Sparrow, W. E. Orr, E. A. Humphries and Dr. C. E. Saunders, in proposing or in response to the toasts Raising the Devil, Guests, The Sailor's Fire Escape, The Broken Mirror, and Ghosts and Goblins. Thirteen members in different parts of the world neglected to reply to their invitations and were announced as "dead," and the spirits of several others mingled with the fifty guests assembled without in any way disturbing their enjoyment.

A very pretty little luncheon was given by Mrs. Carruthers for her guest, Miss Clara Wright of Port Huron, last week, at which the girl friends of the beautiful young visitor bade her a regretful good-bye, she being obliged to return home on Wednesday. The table was done in yellow with immense 'mums and chifon, and the young ladies invited were: Misses Mamie Palmer, Lily Lee, Norah Eby, Edith Suckling and Elizabeth King. After the luncheon an observation party amused the little coterie, and Miss King having the most accurate memory gained a jeweled hat-pin as prize. Miss Wright was perhaps the most beautiful of the many beauties at the Yacht Club ball.

"No, sir, I never heard my word." "Too flexible, eh?"

Wisdom is the realization of knowing the minimum. Ignorance is the pretension of knowing the maximum.

"Harry, is Mrs. Beverly's drawing-room furnished artistically?" "Yes, indeed: a sash and a lace collar on every chair in the room."

"Has your clever little boy expressed any ambitions concerning his mature years?" "Oh, yes. He says that when he grows up he intends to be a gambler, and he is going to marry Mrs. Widdleton's red-headed cook."

A teacher of children totally deaf from birth, having explained to his class how a dog expresses joy by wagging its tail, and told them to express the lesson on their slates, found that one slate contained this amusing piece of information: "My dog hurrahs with his wag."

A Sacrifice.



Karl Hofman lighted another cigarette and dreamily watched the smoke float into the half light, then lose itself in the deep, settling gloom, in the remote corners of his studio. The hour was near twilight, hour of mystery, and the soul of the hour wooed the man, who gazed at two unframed portraits standing opposite him on a shelf belittered with bric-a-brac collected from many lands.

A brass candle-stick stood near by one of the paintings, and from it hung a rosary and crucifix. The crucifix was gold, large and clumsily made, no doubt the embryo effort of some devout monk in ages past. A hideous thing was this golden god, as it hung slowly swinging, catching the dying glow of day on its polished surface.

Hofman dreamed with the hour, and thought of two women, both beautiful: one dark, with flashing black eyes and sensual mouth, the other fair, with purity and love shining through the windows of her soul. One made his blood quicken and his heart gladden in his dream; the other filled his mind with thoughts of the golden god, and a future without struggle.

Gold, gold, fashionable studio, aristocratic set, everything.

"No, not everything," said Hofman aloud, as he arose to his feet; "not everything," and he walked across the room and leaned heavily upon the shelf and gazed at the portraits.

And through the gauze of gathering night the fair woman's eyes looked into his, and seemed to say, "Not everything, not love."

The studio door softly opened, and gentle footsteps sounded on the polished floor.

Hofman turned hastily.

Crash, fell the god of gold, and he trampled it underfoot as he took two little hands in his. "I was thinking of you, dear," he said.

Toronto, Dec., 97. CARL AHRENS.

Society at the Capital.

Mrs. Martin of Hamilton is in town, the guest of her parents, the Bishop of Ottawa and Mrs. Hamilton. Archdeacon and Mrs. Loft-house have also been their guests, and Mrs. Hamilton gave a small At Home in their honor on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Sladen gave a very nice tea on Saturday afternoon for her sister-in-law, Mrs. Sampson Sladen, who has been visiting her for some weeks. Mrs. Sladen was assisted at the tea-table by her two charming sisters, the Misses Powell, and Miss Ethel White. Among those present were: Miss Hamilton, Mrs. Crombie, Mrs. C. Shot, Mrs. Joseph Pope, the Misses Ritchie, Miss Griffin, Miss Clarke, Miss Cambie, Miss O'Meara, Miss Laverne, Miss Blain, Messrs. Ritchie, D. C. Campbell, Pugsley, Powell, Taylor, Beard, Anderson, Macoun, Tyrhitt and Laverne.

Mrs. Wilford of Hamilton, who has been visiting her friend, Mrs. Molson, has left for Toronto, to the great regret of everyone who had the pleasure of meeting her during her month's visit to the Capital.

Mrs. W. Norton Taylor of Kingston has been in town this week staying with her parents, Venerable Archdeacon and Mrs. Bogert. Mrs. Norton Taylor, as Miss Bogert, was most popular here and all her friends were glad to see her back even on so brief a visit.

General and Mrs. Gascoigne and Miss Martin-Smith have returned from Toronto, greatly pleased with their visit there and the hospitality shown them.

Mrs. George Perley of Metcalfe street gave a large tea on Friday afternoon in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Webb of Quebec, who is at present her guest. The world and his wife were there, and Mrs. Perley may congratulate herself on the success of the first entertainment she has given this season. Mrs. Perley leaves early in the New Year for British Columbia, where she will spend the winter, not yet being strong enough to brave the cold of a winter in Ottawa.

Mrs. R. W. Slater gave a most enjoyable euchre party on Wednesday evening, with guests to fill ten tables. Among those present were: Lieut.-Colonel Sherwood, Mrs. MacDonnell and Mrs. Bourinot, Mr. and Mrs. Paten, Mrs. T. Bate, Mrs. Fleck, Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Perley, Mrs. French and Mrs. Cameron.

Lady Laurier is now at home every Monday and her receptions are largely attended. The new house in Theodore street is a very handsome one and beautifully decorated and furnished. It is owned by Mr. Henry Bate of Trenwick Hall, Daly avenue, who is the proprietor of a very large number of houses on Sandy Hill.

The Misses Thistle, who have been in New York, have returned home.

Mr. A. G. Blair, Jr., was in town last week on a visit to his parents, Hon. A. G. Blair and Mrs. Blair.

Captain Spain has returned for the winter, and as soon as he has found a suitable house Mrs. Spain and her little boy, who are now in Halifax, will join him.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferrier, who have been staying with Mrs. Gibb, have left for Florida, where they will spend the winter.

Miss Campbell of Montreal, who is very popular here, is the guest of Mrs. Allan Gilmour.

Social and Personal.

The interest usually attaching to the opening of the session was largely enhanced on Tuesday by reason of the function being attended by such distinguished guests as Their Excellencies of Aberdeen, and furthermore because the new Lieutenant-Governor, His Honor Sir Oliver Mowat, was to sit upon what is called the Throne for the first time. When the doors of the council chamber were thrown open at twenty minutes after two there were already some enterprising dames in waiting to secure good seats, to see and to be seen. From that moment until some time after three, (for the new king of the council is not yet so admirably punctual as was his immediate predecessor, by whose arrival one might set one's watch), the group of gaily-gowned women and uniformed men grew larger and more impressively smart. The demure brown chairs in which the makers of our laws sit and doze through long sessions, were glorified by an occupancy at once unusual and astounding—here a radiant blonde with a vast expanse of snowy shoulders; there a piquant brunette with diamonds worth a king's ransom flashing amid lace and satin; a girl of eighteen and a dowager of—but prudence tells no tale of dowagers' ages! They were all there, at all events, and bravely did they adorn the brilliant scene of the opening day of '97. On the entrance of Their Excellencies and the Lieut.-Governor, who was perfectly gorgeous in gold lace and embroideries and cocked hat and white ostrich feathers, surely the ugliest headgear ever imposed upon an inoffensive human being, the large assemblage rose with much rustling of silks and glinting of jewels, and in the bright electric lights the scene was exceedingly beautiful. Their Excellencies sat in carved chairs of state on the right-hand side of the throne, within the circle of the elect which yearly gathers about the Parliamentary table, and at the right hand of Lord Aberdeen was an intelligent and clever-looking girl, her slight figure in a girlish little frock and her dark hair brushed back from a fine brow, the young daughter of the august pair, Lady Marjorie Gordon, who held many an animated little colloquy with her papa, Sir Casimir, as the Queen's aide-de-camp, stood beside Their Excellencies, and Captain Thorpe, in black and gold uniform, played a sort of peek-a-boo game behind their carved high-backed chairs. Lady Aberdeen was in rose-pink satin with tiara and necklace of splendid emeralds and diamonds; some pink roses on the low corsage and a posy of the same on the coiffure were well and becomingly worn. Lady Gzowski, in black satin; Mrs. Hardy, in black with lovely white lace, and Miss Mowat, in pale pink, sat below Their Excellencies; Mrs. Edward Blake, in black satin; Mrs. Edgar, in dove-gray and pink; Mrs. G. W. Ross, in gray and pink ombre silk; Mrs. Cattanauch, in a lovely brocade and jewels; Lady Meredith, in black velvet; Mrs. MacMahon, in black and scarlet; Mrs. Thomas Hodgins, in black velvet and lace, and many other prominent personages

were ranged on the same side of the circle. Vis-a-vis were Mrs. Nordheimer, in an exquisite gown, her younger daughter, Miss Athol, at her left; Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. John Cawthra, very erect and wearing her black velvet gown and white ostrich tips with that little air of dignity which is one of her charms; Mrs. Cawthra of Yeadon Hall, in a sumptuous gray gown, with Miss Cawthra, in pink satin and chiffon; Mrs. Sterling Ryerson, in black with some lovely lace; Mrs. J. M. Gibson wore a very rich broadened satin and carried a bouquet of American Beauties, gallantly presented by her Ministerial lord and master; Mrs. Bain and Mrs. Charles Ferguson were both in black gowns, the latter wearing a pretty white fichu. Rows of charmingly pretty girls were flanked by crowds of more or less striking matrons in smart toilettes, and these outflanked by scores of men in uniforms of various degrees of gorgeousness, from the snowy continuations and gold-braided coat of dapper Mr. Nordheimer to the quiet rifle-green of the trimmest major on the staff. The Highlanders' Band, with Bandmaster Slatter, very tall and imposing, were the welcoming musicians, and played several times while waiting for Their Excellencies, whose advent let loose the long-drawn strains of God Save the Queen. His Grace Archbishop Walsh and His Lordship Bishop Sweatman sat side by side in the circle; just behind them were seated the dignitaries of our seats of learning, and across the aisle the magnates of the Judicial Bench, silver-haired Chief Justice Burton, venerable Sir John Hazard, hale and clear-eyed Hon. Edward Blake, dignified Hon. G. W. Allan, Justices Moss, Osler and Falconbridge, Justice Ferguson and other leading men of the profession. During the proceedings Mr. Hoskin presented the portrait of Hon. Sir William Meredith, Mr. Forster's fine work of art, to the Ontario Legislature, and various speeches of thanks ensued, Mr. Whitney and Hon. G. W. Ross, with Evaré, the eloquent, vying with each other in saying nice things of popular Sir William, who had been knowingly peeping between the chenille curtains shrouding him, in a very taking manner. When said curtains were drawn apart many an expression of pleasure and commendation was heard, and such remarks as "His very attitude," "Couldn't be better," "Just his expression," were passed from one to another. Then the flash-light flend caught the brilliant group, and their Excellencies made their exit so quietly that a long line of expectant men, and dames in wondrous gowns, waiting to make their presentation bows and curtsies, did not miss them quite at once. A hearty laugh resulted, and everyone sought out wraps and carriages and made off to one or other of the teas in session, or perhaps, fearful of colds, hurried away home. It was much regretted that indisposition prevented Sir George Kirkpatrick from being present, and his devoted lady remained at home with him. A few of those I noticed on the floor of the House were: Mr. and Miss Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Arthur Ross, Miss Thompson of Derwent Lodge, her debutante sister, Miss Helena, and their guest, Miss McLaren of Perth; Miss Augusta Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Herzberg, Mrs. J. K. Kerr and Miss White, Miss Audrey Allen, Mrs. Willison, Mrs. David Walker, Mrs. Moffatt and Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Bolte and Mrs. Stewart Gordon, Mrs. Barwick, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Wyld and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Miss Katie Stevenson, Miss Nellie Ross, Mrs. Clemow, Mrs. Septimus Denison, Mrs. Forester, Mrs. Maclean, Mrs. and Miss Snalpease, Mrs. and Miss Thorburn, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. B. B. Hughes, Mrs. Parkin, Mrs. Walter S. Lee and Miss Lee, Mrs. Welch, Mrs. Elmsley, Miss Whish, Miss Law, Mrs. Wm. McKenzie, Mrs. Lount, Mrs. Grace, Mrs. Rioridan, Miss Mac-Tavish, Mrs. MacLennan, Mrs. and Miss Langmuir, Mrs. Biggar, Mrs. George T. Denison, Mrs. Sandys, Mrs. Cummings, Mrs. and Miss Hoskins, Miss Beardmore, Mrs. Fraser MacDonald, Miss Gzowski, Mrs. Edward Harris.

Friday evening of last week the spacious residence of Mrs. John F. Ellis, Wellesley street, was the scene of a jolly gathering, when the fair hostess entertained a large number of young people in honor of her guest, Miss Smith of Chicago. Amongst the many pretty damsels I noticed several debutantes. Miss Smith was in white muslin over silk; Miss Beatrice Carter, in white silk; Miss Walker, in white silk and pearls; Miss Tossie McKellar, in mousseline de soie over blue; Miss Flams, in white organdie over pink; Miss Ross, in flowered muslin; Miss Robertson, in black satin and velvet; Miss Skinner, in white mousseline over pink; Miss Lill Jacques, in white organdie over blue, and violets; many other pretty gowns were noticed. Messrs. Gordon Brown, Charlie Hall, Armstrong, Burn, Piper, Maughn, Rathay, Carter, Brown, Ross, Prizer, Platt, Billingsby, and many others were also among the guests.

Sir Louis Davies and Lady Davies were in town last week, stopping with Mrs. Edgar in Bloor street. Miss Davies accompanied her father and mother. Sir Louis made many new friends and pleased old ones, who are glad to see him looking so well and happy under the new dignity of a title and a cabinet portfolio. With their hostess, Sir Louis, Lady and Miss Davies were at Her Excellency's reception on Saturday.

A happy father and a sweet mamma are Mr. and Mrs. R. O. McCulloch, who have been receiving messages and words of congratulation from all quarters on the birth of their little son.

Next Tuesday evening the second of the young people's dances given by Her Excellency will be given at Government House. The success of the first one speaks volumes for the judgment and tact of those in whose hands the arrangements are carried out, and the remainder of the series promises ever increased success and enjoyment.

Mr. and the Misses McKenzie of Benvenuto attended the St. Andrew's ball in Montreal at the Windsor Hotel on Tuesday evening.

A number of Christmas sales and concerts are on the tapis. A fair and high tea will be held in the Unitarian church next Tuesday;

St. Peter's schoolhouse will be the scene of a Christmas sale on the evening of December 17; the Kilburn Sisters opened their Christmas sale on Thursday, with Misses Seymour, Parsons, Montzambert and Susie Jones at the various tables; the Jarvis street Collegiate Institute held their annual At Home last evening, when a crush was the order of things; Mrs. Kenly of Maitland street had a beautiful exhibition of art needlework all day Thursday; Mrs. Alfred Boulbee's exhibition of china painting three afternoons this week was largely attended—her work is truly perfect, and a roomful of work by her class, including Miss Arthur's set of French Beauty plates and Miss Maggie Gooderham's Beauties, Miss Flossie Kemp's lovely white and gold plaques and Miss Rossie Boulbee's nicely finished pieces, was admired by a rather critical lot of visitors; St. Luke's Ladies' Sewing Guild will hold a sale of work in St. George's Hall next Tuesday afternoon, with a concert in the evening; a Christmas collection for the Sick Children's Hospital will be taken up at Miss Lillian Burns' evening of readings in the Guild Hall on Monday; on the same evening a concert in aid of a North-West hospital will be held in Holy Trinity schoolhouse.

Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick are now established in their new home in Simcoe street, and a smiling order to "come and see me in my own home" from her ladyship raises visions of pleasant hours to come in the minds of those who know and love her best.

Mrs. FitzGibbon left on a visit to friends out of town on Tuesday. Her charming face was missed from the party on the floor of the House for opening day. Mrs. McCarthy was not present either on that occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Hughes and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Long went to Montreal to witness the ceremony of taking the black veil by sweet Miss Marie Alba Hughes, formerly so much liked in Toronto society. A congratulatory cablegram from the Pope and numerous telegrams and heaps of flowers were sent to the new religious. His Grace Archbishop Walsh officiated and mass was said by Father Walsh of Our Lady of Lourdes.

Anthony Hope is coming back, and "An Afternoon with Dolly" will show up the adorable Duchess of Mickleham in all her chameleon moods, while an evening of readings from various stories by the gifted and touching pen of Mr. Hope will be a second treat to his admirers. December 15 is the date of the readings.

Mrs. Parkin, whose health has not been good for some time, has been ordered to New Brunswick for a few weeks by her physician. Mrs. Parkin has been, much to her regret, unable to return her many calls, but hopes for better health to do so later on.

The Countess of Aberdeen, accompanied by Dr. Worcester and Major Denison, A.D.C., left Toronto early on Wednesday to be present at the opening of the Hospital Bazaar at London. Her Excellency returned to Toronto in the evening, and before proceeding to Government House looked in for half an hour at the Normal School and spoke a few words to the fashionable audience in the theater. On Wednesday the Governor-General gave an official dinner at Government House in connection with the opening of the Session of the Ontario Legislature. On Thursday Their Excellencies visited the Hospital for Sick Children at 12.30. In the afternoon Her Excellency was present at the meeting of the Ontario Medical Association. The Governor-General was present at the Trinity Medical College dinner in the evening.

Mrs. D. E. Thomson of the Queen's Park gave a tea on Thursday to a number of lady friends.

Miss McLaren of Perth is visiting Lady Thompson. Miss Carter is visiting Mrs. Ince. Mrs. Harry Leonard of Brantford, who spent a few days with Dr. and Mrs. Griffin in Madison avenue, returned home on Monday. Miss Mildred Montzambert returned to town on Monday. Mrs. Clemow of Ottawa has arranged to extend her visit for a little longer.

Captain Forester's fine horse, Clarke, died on Thanksgiving Day, making the second serious loss to this game and graceful rider within a short space of time. Everyone knows the sorrow of losing a fine beast which one almost regards as a friend, and the loss of dainty Dodo and good Clarke has been rather too much of a thing, and a bad thing, too.

One of the many happy girls at Trinity dance Tuesday evening was pretty Miss Cross of St. Catharines, daughter of the manager of the Bank of Commerce there. Sheriff Dawson's daughter, of the same place, was another welcome visitor.

Mrs. J. Roberts Hogz of 26 Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, is in town on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Sheldrake.

Mrs. Innis of London, Eng., formerly Miss Greet of Toronto, is in the city for a few days en route for England.

The Governor-General of Canada, Major-General Gascoigne, and a basket of white roses from the W.C.T.U. were distinguishing features of the dinner given by the officers of Toronto Garrison on Thanksgiving night.

Knox College Literary and Theological Society gave their annual At Home on Friday next at half-past seven p.m.

Dr. and Mrs. Doolittle have returned from England. Mrs. Doolittle will be at Home on first and third Thursdays.

Mrs. Percy Horrocks will receive the first and third Mondays in the month at 258 Sherbourne street.

Mrs. J. Graham, Bond street, Lindsay, gave a very delightful progressive euchre last Friday evening in honor of her guest, Miss Ada MacLaughlin of Toronto.

The following ladies and gentlemen had the honor of being invited to dinner at Government House on Monday, November 29: Hon. G. W.

and Mrs. Allan, Hon. G. A. and Mrs. Cox, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Ferguson, Chancellor and Mrs. Burwash, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy and Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. T. Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Elmsley, Dr. and Mrs. Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, Major and Mrs. Cartwright, Major and Mrs. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Plummer, Rev. and Mrs. W. J. McCaughan. The house party consisted of Mr. David Erskine, Captain Wilberforce, A.D.C.; Mr. Thorp, A.D.C., and Mr. MacInnes, A.D.C.

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Harmon Brown gave a tea at her residence in North street.

Miss Mary DuMoulin has been in town on an all too brief visit to relatives.

The Jubilee Bicycle Club has turned itself for the winter into a card club, and had a jolly reunion at Mrs. Scales', in Wellington Place, on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. W. B. Capon and Miss Capon have sent out cards for a Jubilee tea on the afternoon of December 7, from 4 to 6 o'clock, at their residence, 10 Earl street.

The Countess of Aberdeen visited the Protestant Orphans' Home in Dovercourt road on Monday afternoon, and was received by Mrs. John Cawthra and Mrs. Elmes Henderson and conducted over the Home. One of the little ones presented Her Excellency with a basket of flowers, and the Countess addressed the children. An amusing episode was the cause of much merriment among the reception committee, in which Her Excellency joined heartily, when in response to her enquiry whether the youngsters could name a Canadian woman of whom they were proud, some embryo courtier, regardless of results, piped out bravely, "Lady Aberdeen."

Mrs. William Nattress gave a very pleasant tea on Tuesday afternoon, which taxed the capacity of her pretty home to the limit. Most of the guests were old friends, and a very merry time they enjoyed, exchanging tales of fun and frolic and comments of the grand doings just accomplished in the Queen's Park. Everyone agreed that the opening exceeded in beauty and *clat* any former affair of the sort, and good wishes to the new Lieut.-Governor were mingled with earnest hopes that the ex-Lieut.-Governor might continue to gain health and strength now that he is free from the cares of office. Mrs. Nattress received in a quiet gray gown with silver passementerie and white vest of soft tulle. Pretty little Miss Adelaide Wadsworth and the young daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Delamere, Miss Eva, were in charge of the tea-table, which was decorated in pink with many exquisite roses. Miss Wadsworth wore a crisp little frock of rose-pink with many dainty frills, and looked exceedingly well. A few of the ladies present were: Mrs. George and the Misses Gibson, Mrs. H. Eardley Greene, Mrs. G. T. Denison, Mrs. Robin, Mrs. Prant Macdonald, Mrs. and Miss Featherstonhaugh, Mrs. Ince, Mrs. James Ince, Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mrs. T. Delamere, Mrs. J. Delamere, Miss Ferguson, Mrs. Leigh, Miss Birdie Warren, Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Cartwright, Mrs. Septimus Denison, Miss Leila Mackay, the Misses Mortimer Clarke and Miss Bessie Macdonald.

Dr. Arthur Small has been welcomed back with much pleasure, after his sojourn abroad.

Mrs. Willie Dunsford of Guelph is down this week on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Nattress.

On Friday evening of last week, Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith gave a dinner in honor of General and Mrs. Gascoigne. On the same afternoon Mrs. Otter gave a tea at Stanley Barracks, at which the guests of honor were General and Mrs. Gascoigne and their niece, Miss Smith-Martin, who was with them on their visit to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra of Yeadon Hall sail next week for Genoa, and will spend the winter in the land of the Pharaohs. Miss Cawthra and Miss Perkins go with them, and, as was mentioned some time ago, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra will occupy Yeadon Hall on their return from the South at the end of this month.

Mrs. Redfern, whose smart gowns and handsome presence were so much admired at the Race Meet last spring, was recently married in Buffalo. Mr. Pensold, a name well known in artistic circles, is the happy man. Mrs. Pensold and Mrs. Harris (formerly Mrs. Schoenberger) are two distinctly charming and handsome women who have been esteemed in Toronto society, and whose remarrying has given rise to many kind words of well-wishing.

Mrs. Frederick Grasett gave a farewell tea for her mother and sisters, Mrs. and the Misses Todd, at her residence in Simcoe street on Monday afternoon, assisted by Mrs. Payne and Mrs. Henry Grasett. Everyone is sorry to say good-bye to the esteemed trio, who are even now on their way to Bermuda for the winter, and such sentiment was again and again voiced by the large gathering of nice people who attended Mrs. Grasett's very pleasant tea.

Mr. and Mrs. John Morrow returned to Toronto this week, accompanied by Mrs. Eber Ward and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, who have been spending a fortnight in New York. Mrs. Morrow was in Philadelphia for Miss Brimston's debut as Siebel, and was no doubt proud of the success of her protegee.

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Social and Personal.

Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen has been visiting the city charities and institutions impartially as time permitted. On Monday afternoon at five o'clock she arrived at the Girls' Home in Gerrard street, and was received by a number of the ladies of the Board and escorted over the Home by Mrs. J. G. Scott, the first directress. The little girls sang the National Anthem, and have sweet memories of Lady Aberdeen's visit, produced by the contents of certain pretty packages delivered to the matron by the aide in attendance, Capt. Wyatt.

They say that Lord Aberdeen is never so popular nor so thoroughly having a good time as when, besom in hand, he aids in the roarin' game and "soops 'er up, mon," with the curling fraternity. There ought to be good hours of fine fun for his bright and animated Excellency just along about now, for the winds of the week have been anything but bland and balmy.

Trinity College was en fête on Tuesday evening for the concert and dance which always attracts a large contingent of young persons of both sexes. The boys and girls of Toronto footed it merrily in Convocation hall, where the numbers were largely in excess of the accommodation, and the few square dances were performed in very limited spaces and with a great deal of good-natured taking and receiving of involuntary collisions and bumps. Many lovely girls in their pretty white coming-out frocks had a jolly evening's dancing with brothers of other girls, and brothers' friends. The concert was artistically a success, Miss Martin of Carlton street charming everyone with her singing of a lullaby, which showed off her beautiful voice to perfection. Mr. Delasco sang Vulcan's Song and descended into fathomless depths of basso profundo, along with the other mythological personage—Mercury, to wit, for the temperature of the hall during the concert was very low, and fur cloaks were drawn over bare shoulders with many a pretty shiver. With a perversity worthy of a better cause, the furnace braced up wonderfully for the dancing hours, and the frisky two-stepper wiped dew from his brow and meandered out into a cold corridor to encourage the development of consumption microbes, and sip the cooling lemonade, or hold the tea-cup of some glowing debutante who reeked neither of draughts nor hot air, but vowed the Trinity dance was altogether lovely. The brown door in the east corridor was closed, and now and then a couple hurried thither, knocked softly, and came back regretfully with the news that Professor and Mrs. Clark were not to be found in their usual cheery and hospitable quarters. Upstairs Professor Hanford had a very pretty little supper-table in his cosy den, where sundry cronies assembled for a chat, a smoke and an exchange of good stories; cronies of both sexes tasted the professor's loving-cups and chicken salads, and complimented him upon his finished singing at the concert. Another bulldog reigns in the room of the late lamented Isaacs, but he lacks the mien and presence of that ferocious-looking but gentle-mannered canine. Several cheery little dens were lit up and set in order by Trinity men for the reception of privileged fair ones, who did the customary complimenting of the brew and wondering at the sofa cushions and tea-pot cozies, which are the invariable trimmings of a college tea. A convenient and plentiful buffet was served in the entrance hall, and the excellence of the music was commented upon by all. The floor was in very good condition, and the dancing much enjoyed. Among the bright throng were: Mrs. and Miss Evelyn Cameron, Mrs. and Miss Holmstead, Miss Ogden and Miss Ellis, Mrs. Alfred Wright and Miss Tottie Nicol, Miss Yda Milligan, Miss Lizzie Lamport, Miss Edith Heward, Mrs. and Miss Hills, Miss Rossie Boulton, Miss Denzil, Miss Josie Monahan, Miss Wilson, Miss Gyp Armstrong, the Misses White, Miss Florrie Scarf, Miss Marion Laidlaw, Mrs. Cameron and Miss Pechell, Mrs. Jack Featherstonhaugh and Miss Featherstonhaugh, Miss Amy Seton-Thompson, Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Ross, Messrs. Merrick, Muir, Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. J. Taylor, Messrs. Ireland, Boddy, Guy Ireland, Mrs. Clemenow and Miss Brown-Wallis of Ottawa, Mr. A. Somerville, Mrs. Moorhouse.

Mrs. Blaikie gave one of the Tuesday teas, which was attended by a very large number of smart people after the opening of the Legislative Assembly. The Misses Coates and Miss Blaikie assisted in the tea-room. The constant stream of guests was depleted and reinforced by ladies whose choice had rested on the tea in question as a first or second rendezvous. Parties kept arriving from the East Side during the reception hour, or bidding a hurried adieu to hasten thither before the mystic hour of six made their tardy arrival too noticeable. One of the bright and pleasant hours of a busy week was that spent in Mrs. Blaikie's hospitable and handsome home.

The announcement of Miss Mabel Smart's engagement to Mr. Howard Irish was foreseen by the friends of the young couple, who are gratified to feel that in the saddest trial which could befall a young maiden, the loss of an idolized mother, Miss Smart will be comforted by the affection of a *fiancee* so well thought of by all. Mr. Howard Irish is doing very well in the office of Mr. G. Allan Case, and will doubtless make a very successful business man.

Mrs. Bond of Guelph gave a charming dance on Thursday evening of last week at her beautiful residence, Gore Lawn, in honor of her daughter, Miss Mollie. There were about one hundred and fifty guests. The music was all that could be desired; an orchestra of five pieces played in perfect time, and the floor was excellent. The veranda, which was closed in for the occasion, was very tastefully decorated with flags and bunting, while the rooms adjoining were very prettily arranged with cut flowers, which lent a charming effect to the already perfect surroundings. Some of the ladies wore very pretty dresses, noticeably: Mrs. Bond, in a handsome black silk with diamond ornaments; Miss Mollie Bond wore the usual debutante costume of white and looked exceedingly well; Miss Frances Lett, smoked satin and swansdown trimmings; Miss Mills, rich black satin; Miss Campbell, apple green and

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bodice of pink; Miss McConkey was beautifully gowned in cream brocade and lace; Miss Marcon, in a handsome yellow China silk and rare lace; Miss Powell, becoming gown of white silk; Miss Grace Howitt looked charming in a white gown, and carried a beautiful bunch of heliotrope chrysanthemums. A few of the guests were: Miss Duff of Kingston, Mr. Coulson, Miss Wiggins of Windsor, N.S., Mr. Nellis, Miss Mary Harvey, Mr. Harvey, Miss Hall,

Miss Henderson of Orangeville, Mr. Mathews, Mr. Archibald, and many others.

A friend of mine has found one oversight at the Yacht Club ball. The inner palm grove (wherever that is) was not properly provided with a seat; a step-ladder and a backless chair are neither of them comfortable, even under the most delightful circumstances. Perhaps the Gens. also noted the lack of a possible cosy corner.

The marriage of Mr. Henry Addington Bruce, son of Major John Bruce of the Royal Grenadiers, and Miss Lauretta Augusta Bowes took place on November 21 at Lansdowne street, West Roxbury, Boston.

Mrs. Fletcher of Brussels and Mrs. Robertson of Peterborough are spending the Thanksgiving season with Mrs. Leckie of Earl street. Mrs. Etta Taylor of Ingersoll is also visiting Mrs. Leckie.

Mrs. Phillips of Beverley street gave a charming tea on Wednesday.

On Thanksgiving night a pretty wedding took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Watkins, 1378 Queen street west, when their youngest daughter, Miss Emily Watkins, was married to Mr. E. Gordon Harris. Miss Watkins wore a white silk dress, with lace and orange blossoms. Her sister, Miss Minnie Watkins, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Edward Ely of Kingston was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Harris are to be residents of the West End.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace D. Moore, of Seven Gables, Allegan, Mich., announce the betrothal of their daughter Pearl to Mr. James Scott Gray of Chatham. Mr. Gray is well known in Toronto as a successful man and one of Chatham's most eligible parties, as well as a cultured and traveled person, whose excellent taste may be depended on to bring to his native city a lady who will be a distinct acquisition.

The necessity of going to press a day in advance on account of Thanksgiving holiday, prevented the mention of many charming items in connection with last Wednesday week's wedding. The music was a feature not soon to be forgotten, principally the beautiful singing of Ruth's exquisite solo from the oratorio of that name, which singing ensured perfect silence among the fashionable throng and many whispered words of delight as the last sweet note died away.

A couple of teas were given last week in honor of Mrs. Frank Kingsmill Morgan, the young bride from Hamilton, who spent the holiday with her aunt in Grange avenue. It is pleasing to note from a recent publication that Mrs. Morgan has decided to continue writing and will retain her maiden name, Esther Talbot Kingsmill.

Mrs. Joseph Cawthra and her third daughter are welcomed back from England, and happy little talks are had over the young lady of Mordington, who is her grandma's latest idol. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell-Renton will probably pay us a visit ere long. Mr. Jack Cawthra, who has advanced from Eton to Cambridge, is another member of the little family circle at Guiseley House of whom one occasionally hears satisfactory accounts.

Miss Kate Archer's violin recital brought out a fashionable and numerous audience to the Guild Hall on Monday evening. Apart from the artistic excellence of the programme, one was struck with the very attractive appearance of the ladies taking part in it. Miss Ada Hart, in a white silk gown, with floating sashes of pale violet ribbon; Miss Mockridge, in shell-pink satin and chiffon sleeves and guimpe, with pretty chiffon sashes; and Miss Archer, a "midnight belle," as the poet calls the dusky-haired and dark-eyed damsel, in a white frock with touches of vivid red, were a trio of young girls very good to look upon. Miss Hillary, the songstress of the evening, was in a velvet gown with roses on the corsage, and was the recipient of some beautiful floral tributes. A hearty laugh followed the enterprising young man deputed to hand her an immense bunch of yellow mums, who, not seeing her immediately respond to her recall, climbed on the platform and carried the bouquet to her in the green-room. The audience clapped loud and long, and Miss Hillary came out with her posies and a very amused smile, and sang a bit of an Irish song in capital style to her own accompaniment. A bevy of sweet little children took up a good collection for the Nursing-at-Home Mission.

A small but well pleased audience was present at Miss Rachel Baumann's clever recital in St. George's Hall on Monday. Miss Baumann rendered each selection in finished style. A substitution of Hagar to Abraham, for the chapter from Quo Vadis, placed the patriarch in a very small niche, and Miss Baumann gave the Egyptian bondwoman's alternation of love and indignation full swing in her capital recitation. Mrs. Charles Crowley, very smartly gowned in white satin with cerise ribbons and flowers, sang with much finish and success. The recital

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For the Queen Victoria Era ball we wish expressly to request our patrons to make their appointments at the earliest possible date, and state the respective style or period they wish to represent. We have sent to England for those styles of the period in hair and dress; we expect them in about a week, when they will be open for inspection to our patrons. We have on hand a historical album on Hair Dressing, and which is open to our patrons. We keep everything in connection—Powders, Rouge, Creams, Lip Salves, Eyebrow Pencils, Hair Ornaments, etc. Kindly take notice of above, as this advertisement will not appear again. Telephone 2488.

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...THE YANDARLO WATERHOLE...

By MAYNE LINDSAY.

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THE road from Ellington to Mulgry township ran for three or four miles through the Lectrie property. In the daytime it was a well frequented road for an up-country thoroughfare: traveling flocks and herds crawled along it with clouds of white dust about them, while the drovers' stock-whips rang echoes from the trees; squatters and townfolk drove by with clatter of hoofs over the metal; and here a station hand and there a limping swaggee dotted the broad white track that slid into the distance.

Years before, the owner of Lectrie had sown thick plantations of blue gums beside the road, to shelter his sheep in the cold Victorian winters when smudgy gray clouds swept up from the open pastures, bitter, chill and piercing; and the rain whipped with stinging lash into the faces of the boundary riders, splashing fetlock deep in mud across the paddocks. The seed grew to a belt of giant trees, so tall that their tops seemed to almost touch the sky, and so thick that, even at noonday, there was always a solemn twilight in their midst, where the shredding bar rattled and the wheezy mirth of the laughing jackasses called answering peals from the silence.

The plantations loomed even more gigantic at night beside the ribbon-like road, and threw long shadows across it from their blackness. They were not cheerful company when night had dropped upon the plains, even when a yellow Australian moon, big and staring, had climbed into the sky above them, to watch the belated wayfarer with friendly eye. And the two men who had ridden from the far distance out of the November night instinctively drew rein as they neared the shadow, and let their horses straddle across the road till bridge jingled against bridge, and Walmsley, stretching out his hand, could give a friendly touch to the neck of Heavside's mare.

"There's a desolation about these endless roads," he said. "It ought to be a relief, I suppose, after the din of Collins street, and the bustle of men all about one, but I don't know that it does not repel me."

"It has its compensations," said Heavside. "Once a bushman, always a bushman, as a rule. It would kill me to live in Melbourne, now."

"Yes, I suppose that is the feeling that comes of hobnobbing with Nature, in season and out of season," said the other. "How black and forbidding those plantations are. They don't look as if they invited your familiarity."

"They don't, and that's a fact," said Heavside. "They have a way of being so insolently exclusive that I prefer to ride home across the paddocks if I'm alone. And then—there's the Yandarlo waterhole."

"The what?"

Heavside jammed his wideawake on to his forehead, and coughed a short, embarrassed cough. They were well within the shade of the trees now, and his black fringe spread over the road and the wire fence that bounded it, into the paddock beyond. Where its rugged edge stopped came the white, moonlit plain, silent and shimmering, as far as eye could see.

"The Yandarlo waterhole lies in the heart of the last plantation, two miles from here," he said. "It's a gloomy, desolate place; quite hidden by the trees, though it is not more than thirty yards back from the highway. The story is that there are things to be seen and heard there that aren't there, you know; and the light of a camp fire to be seen flickering through the trees, that yet is gone when you press through to it."

"Ah, ghosts!" said Walmsley lightly. He was a materialist before all things. "Unsatisfactory notions, ghosts. A murder, of course, to start with?"

"Well, yes. A drover named Jenkins is supposed to have stabbed his mate, one Robert Self, and thrown him into the water one night when they were camping alongside it. Some Ellington men were passing about midnight, and saw the red gleam of a fire through the trees, and heard angry voices, and then a yell, and then silence. They did not think much of it at the time, but afterwards enquiries began to be made for Self, whose relations in Geelong were anxious about him. They traced him out of Mulgry, and lost his tracks between there and Ellington; and then Jenkins was 'wanted.' As it happened, the latter had been working the year before on a station where I was a jackaroo—that's seventeen years ago now—and so I was called up to give his description to the police. Middle-aged man he was then; quiet and inoffensive enough to all appearance. They never found him after the hue and cry began, and it was after Self's disappearance that there came yarns of something uncanny about the Yandarlo hole. I don't know that there is much more to say about it, but the fire and voices story still goes on, and it's a fact that I have seen the glint of light there, and heard sounds, when I have known that there was not a living soul within five miles. But I never went in to investigate, and I steer through the paddocks on dark nights, for company's sake."

"It's a good story," said Walmsley thoughtfully. "Dramatic, too. Would work up well." Heavside stiffened.

"That is my experience," he said shortly. "I don't doubt it," said Walmsley. "I was only considering it from the literary, professional point of view. All is fish that comes to my net, you know. It wants something more though—some element of personal interest."

"The dry tone jarred on Heavside's mind, wherein bush life had engendered a respect for the incomprehensible not to be found in the city-bred. He threw back his head and began to whistle an irrelevant ditty, while Walmsley followed his own train of thought in silence.

They jingled on with creak of saddle and click of hoof, and the black shadows shortened

as the moon crept up above them. Heavside wound up The Sick Stockrider melodiously, and brought his eyes down from the stars to let their glance travel into the blackness ahead. Then he caught at the reins and checked the mare.

"Personal interest I think you said?" he queried, with the note of excitement in his voice. "Strikes me you've got it now. Look there!"

He pointed with his forefinger at the black wall of trees that stretched before and beyond them. Walmsley, too, drew rein, and followed the line begun by outthrust arm and hand to where it touched the plantation, a quarter of a mile away.

"I see a bead of light," he said. "Ah! Then I am no dreamer of dreams. That light marks the Yandarlo waterhole."

"Ignis fatuus," said Walmsley. "Think so? Let's ride on a bit and watch developments. I've never seen it when I've been here with another man before, and scepticism stimulates enquiry. Come on."

They urged their horses into a trot, and Walmsley kept his eyes on the light as the distance lessened. From the merest speck of fire in the long black line it grew into a wavering, star-shaped light, gleaming faintly and yet ruddily behind tall trunks; the light that a fire gives through spaces between thickly planted trees. When they stopped once more, thirty or forty yards from the spot, the source of the fire, owing apparently to the depth of the plantation, was invisible, but there was the red flicker of flames clearly reflected on the straight, towering gums, and now flashing, now sinking, behind the undergrowth.

"Not much like a will-o'-the-wisp, is it?" said Heavside.

"No, it's a camp fire, plainly enough. But it seems to me it might very well—What's that?"

There broke through the trees the sound of voices high-pitched in anger; one passionate man replying to another seemingly, for no words were to be distinguished. Then, as one rose, hoarse with rage, into a mad yell, it was checked as suddenly as if a hand had been laid upon the speaker's throat. Silence hung low for the moment, and then there rasped out, half-stilled and enduring no longer than a breath, the screech of a man in mortal agony.

Walmsley sat motionless for the second, for that horrid cry seemed to stop the blood in his veins, and he felt his horse wince and shiver between his knees. Life came back with the silence, and he flung himself from the saddle.

"By—! the man that is playing that devil's joke shall pay for it!" he said, stumbling across the road towards the trees.

Heavside had dismounted too, his heart galloping to a mad tune, but he held the reins of both horses, and he made no further advance into the night than to stride forward and clutch the other man by the shoulder.

"Hold hard, old man," he said. "It's nothing more than I told you. And Heaven knows what is behind those trees."

Walmsley wrestled himself away. "Then it is a man I knew as well," he said. "It means black mischief, and I am here to see it through."

"It means the old Yandarlo mystery. Man alive! That was no human voice. All the countryside knows the story."

"Bah!" said Walmsley. His nerves were still jarring, and the opposition maddened him. "What do I care how the countryside blethers? I tell you there is some devilment afoot, and if you are worth your salt you will come with me and play the man's part—there." And he pointed to the belt of trees, behind which still the firelight flickered.

It had never occurred to Heavside to doubt the presence of the supernatural; nor did it now, in face of the denial of it flung thus rudely in his face. But the reproach that went with it had to be wiped out, and he threw the reins over the nearest fence-post and stepped deliberately forward.

"That last word was not in your happiest vein, Walmsley," he said quietly. "If you go, I am with you, of course. Stop—not so fast. We'll go together."

They fell into pace, and crossed the road side by side. As they neared the trees the reflected light, which had shone high up among the branches, was lost to them; but there was still a glow, now visible, now disappearing when the trees blocked it out as they moved. They leapt the ditch beside the highway, crossed the broad track beyond it, croppet close by many a traveling flock creeping wearily to some far-off station, scaled the wire fence that bounded it, and were in the beginnings of the plantation, thigh-deep among rank grass, and sapling gum-trees, and driftwood lying as the winter winds had blown it. There Walmsley paused.

"We'll go as softly as may be," he said. "We must know who is behind the trees before we take action. Can you still see the light?"

"Yes, I caught a glimmer then."

"It is out of my range for the moment, but—ah, there it is again! Let us go ahead then, and tell me if you see anybody first. I trust your bushman's eyes better than my own."

There was no word from Heavside, but Walmsley saw an answering nod before the next stride left them a pace apart, with the gloom between. Then they plunged forward abreast into the blackness, to find it lightened by the veriest shadow of the moonlight as eyes became accustomed to their surroundings.

They trampled on, cautiously, for a minute. Then Walmsley's voice muttered in Heavside's hearing:

"D—! the light! It's gone altogether now. Do you see anything?"

"Nothing. There is only darkness ahead, whereas we ought to be almost upon the ashes of the fire. The waterhole clearing must be right in front of us."

"I can see nothing but tree trunks, and the glimmer of the moon up above. Where the

deuce is that fire!"

Question not to be answered. For, as he spoke, his eyes lifted momentarily to the blocks of sky that fitted the spaces between the interlaced leaves, the ground crumbled under his feet, and he stumbled forward, falling—falling. The next second Heavside's hand upon his coat collar swung him back to safety from the treacherous bank of the waterhole.

"That was a narrow shave," said the rescuer. "A man needs to watch each step he takes in this darkness. And now let us go. What I told you was true enough, you see, but Lord knows what may be behind it. There is no fire, nor any smell of a fire in the air—and this is the Yandarlo hole."

Walmsley planted his feet upon firm ground and looked about him, stricken dumb by the lack of natural explanation. Black, gleaming water, a pool ten feet across, stirred at his feet, the ripples still moving outward from where the foothold to which he had trusted had disappeared. Beyond, the gum-trees hung back reluctant, and left an open space where the bark-shreds were scattered, and across which a wisp of moonlight made a wavering line. A dead branch had fallen where the ground sloped to the water, and lay half in the mud and half in the touch of the water, gleaming like a skeleton. Nothing stirred but the rustling bark; there was no life, no movement. And, above all, there was no fire.

"Well, I'm —!" said Walmsley slowly.

The mystery of the incident bewildered him, but touched him not a whit. Heavside, on the other hand, had hard work to keep a tight rein upon his nerves, which were less excited by the human possibilities of the cry that had roused Walmsley to action than by the evil story of the waterhole, and the darkness that crowded down to it, and seemed so full of strange, vague terrors.

"Come away, old man," he said. "You have seen for yourself how it is. No human being could have trodden out that fire in the time we have taken to get through the plantation." He shivered. "Bah! There is something devilish in the place, to me. Come away."

"But if—, And then that shriek, Heavside! It rings in my ears still."

"Whoever uttered it is past our help," said Heavside, and he shivered again. The black shadows among the trees seemed to start a little nearer, and the green streak of moonlight flickered and danced across the little clearing, to the lip of the water.

Walmsley shook his head, baffled, but still unconvinced. He was racking his brain for a solution, and he was in no mood to accept defeat. He had his own conviction as to a hidden presence in the darkness that thronged about them, and he was straining his ears to catch a tell-tale rustle or the crackle of a fallen twig. Then suddenly, as they waited, he started, shot forward his head to listen, and turned back to Heavside triumphantly.

"So much for your ghosts! That is a man," he said.

The silence of the night was broken by a distant sound, and Heavside knew it for the scrunch of bark under the feet of someone who was approaching the further side of the waterhole from the back of the plantation, forty yards away. His quick ear told him that there were pauses in the noise that showed the newcomer to be a stranger like themselves, blundering through the darkness with lagging, hesitating steps. The knowledge relieved the tension upon his nerves. There was nothing ghostly in the sound, and he was ready to declare, with Walmsley, that it was a man.

"Has he, too, been attracted by the light, or is it our practical joker returning to the scene of his exploit?" meditated Walmsley, half aloud. And then he paused, for the voice of the unknown broke from behind the trees in a quavering appeal.

"Robbie! Robbie Self! Show a flare to tell me where you be! It's mortal dark."

Heavside's fears started up once more. "The name! Do you hear the name?" he said, and caught his friend by the arm. "He is calling the dead drover."

Walmsley shrank back a little into the gloom.

"It's part of the game, no doubt," he said. "And now lookers-on may see the best of it. Only—wait. Ah, he's nearer now!"

The voice came again and the scrunch of the undergrowth grew louder.

"I swear to you I be a-coming, Robbie. For the dear Lord's sake, show a flare!"

There was the note of pitiful entreaty in the appeal. In the hush that followed the listeners could hear the labored breathing of someone forcing his way painfully towards the water. Then the black wall of shadow beyond it gaped suddenly, and a man stumbled into the clearing, with the moonbeams dancing down upon his face.

He was an old man, bent and ragged, and the finger of moonlight pointed out to them a thin stunted face and straggling beard under a battered wideawake. Once in the clearing he stopped, swaying like a drunken man, and looked about him, searching the twilight with his hand over his eyes, like a man uncertain of his sight. Then he muttered to himself, and the men beyond the waterhole strained their ears to hear him.

"He canna have gone away! Robbie wouldna play the old man false, after the weary miles, and calling, calling, calling, a' the way." He raised his voice again. "Ye may hear me now, Robbie Self, for I've come out from the never-never to do your bidding. And I'm—tired." The voice whimpered like a fretful child's.

Walmsley's whisper came to Heavside.

"You know the story. Can you get the drift of this?"

But Heavside had stepped forward with an unexpected movement. He was standing at the edge of the water, and he lifted up his voice and spoke to the tottering figure beyond.

"It is the bidding of God that has brought you here to-night, Rake Jenkins; Robert Self will not answer you; no, not though you called to him with your last breath. But you were not brought here without purpose, and you know in your heart what that purpose is."

Walmsley had started as the voice rang out, but the accent of certainty in the tone told of Heavside's confidence in his sudden action, and he waited, breathless. The figure of the old man straightened itself momentarily, but he answered without sign of hesitation or surprise.

"'Twas

in the newspaper, and all the world now knows it."

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"Ay, ay! I know the purpose, but 'twas Robbie's ain voice that brought me here. And there would be them that would be ready to hear, to tell it to—I kenned that. Do ye come over to me, sirs, for I am an old man to have come a' the weary miles, and there is not strength for another step left in me."

Heavside's response was to crash through the undergrowth encircling the waterhole, and Walmsley, following at his heels, found himself brought to a standstill in the little clearing. His friend was kneeling on the ground with the old man's head upon his knee, and a hatful of water in his hand. The recumbent figure lay very still, but the eyes moved and some words straggled out from the feeble lips.

"But—I didna—think—'twould be ye, Mr. Heavside."

"My God, look at his feet!" said Walmsley.

"He must have walked the breadth of Australia."

Heavside gave one look and averted his eyes. It was not a pleasant sight. Then he said:

"The man is dying of exhaustion. Can we move him, do you think?"

Walmsley would have answered, but the old man had turned his head at the suggestion, and he made a futile effort to struggle into a sitting posture.

"You will na move me, sirs. I was bidden to speak here, and 'tis here I must say it. I've not many words left, I'm thinking, and ye had better hearken while ye may."

His eyes sought theirs. Heavside felt the clammy forehead, and nodded in reply. The moon had climbed high up into the sky now, and shone down fully. It showed the dying face as clearly as might have done the daylight, and it chased back the weird night shadows from the little group. The waterhole lay still in darkness, with only the faint gleam of reflected light upon its surface.

"It was when we camped here, droving Ireson's sheep from the north. I dinna mind now how the talk came 'round to her, but Robbie was always one for the women. He dinna ken—I grant ye he dinna ken she was handfast to me, and when her name ran off his tongue I gave him the lie in his teeth. . . . But I canna doubt it was the true word, for I was never the man to take a young lassie's fancy, and he had to lift his little finger to them—young and old alike. . . . But I loved her—eh, sirs, I loved her purely. And so might any man. . . . But it roused me, for he laughed wi' it. . . . He had always a loose manner of speech, had Robbie—I do not say to you he had served the lassie ill. And I gave him the lie in his teeth, and he struck the word back upon my mouth. . . . It wasna for myself that the blood went to my head. . . . I should ha' known I was not a man for any lassie's fancy. . . . It was the laugh that went wi' it. The knife was ready to my hand—and I sent it home. . . . He fell down sideways, and he screeched. . . . He screeched."

He stopped, and his eyes closed for a moment. Heavside wiped the damp forehead again, and presently the voice went on.

"Then he died, though I would ha' given dear life itself to bring him back. I dragged him to the waterhole. . . . there was a big stone that carried him down. . . . After I had done it I cried to him, but he wouldna answer me. . . . I drove the sheep on, though it was scarce past midnight, on—on—till they dropped. The other man took them over, and he looked queerly at me—I must ha' been half mad by then. That scared me, and I bumped my swag and went out back—out back. I would ha' looked upon her at Kooyong Koot, but she was gone. . . . I was never the man for her."

"But the coming back!" said Walmsley eagerly. The journalist's instinct did not desert him.

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The old man's head had dropped very low, but the voice flickered up again at the query.

"I had waited always for his bidding, and at last he called—and I came . . . calling—calling . . . a' the way."

Then the life flashed back for the moment, and he raised himself upon one elbow, and his voice rang out into the darkness. "I ha' come back, Robbie! I ha' come back! You need na call so loud!"

And so the story of the Yandarlo waterhole

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found its way to listening ears. But Walmsey was not content. He stood back while Heavyside laid the poor travel-stained body decently upon the ground and covered it for the few hours that meant the ride out and back to the township, and he stared long at the still, gleaming water, and the silent night.

What did it all mean? The plantation stirred with the whispering of the shredding bark, the leafy rustle where a little breeze was moving across the tree tops, the occasional scuffle of a hidden rabbit. The moonlight shimmered here and there among the trees, but it showed only their straight, towering columns, and the light undergrowth around them. The fresh night air, heavy with the smell of eucalyptus, filled his nostrils and touched his bared head with caressing fingers. But still, with the greater mysteries of life and death about him, his brain clamored for a solution to that strange first incident.

"He has not explained—the rest! And Heavyside, what impulse made you stand out and speak?"

"I do not know," said Heavyside slowly. "What made the sight and sounds that brought us here?"

And Walmsey found no answer to the question.

[THE END.]

Next Week—THE COMING OF THE GENERAL, by WALTER WOOD.

Declaration of Independence.

Life.

Who would not be an entity?
Who would not have a mind
To will and rule and be one's self,
And leave the crowd behind?

"They say," I hear from year to year—
And who and what are they,
That I must take their word, forsooth?
I don't care what they say!

If clothes I'd buy, or hat or tie,
I'm told "They're wearing" those,
Some ugliness beyond belief—
Yet, since they wish, it goes.

Am I to voice no private choice?

Am I to speak no word.

But be a timid sheep and run
With all the bleating herd?

Who are they, then, high gods or men?

And who am I, to care

What they may say or think or do,
And what they eat or wear?

I will not rest content and bleat

A ditto mark to be:

I can't and won't be one of them,
I'll make a bluff at me!

ADRIE FAIRWELL BROWN.

A Plot for a Novel.

ONE day this last summer the yachts Psyche and Nancy, of Hamilton, were out in the lake for a little spin under a gentle breeze. Nancy had a good, large crew on board, spread out all over the deck, enjoying themselves in all kinds of ways. One young gentleman was disposed to be lazy and didn't take part in the tomfoolery that was going on, but sprawled himself out in the sun for a snooze. This looked too much like an expression of disapproval of the ways of the others and was not to be tolerated, so they commenced throwing cushions and things at him, and succeeded in otherwise so tormenting him that he gathered



up his cushions and fled to the stern, where he hauled up the dinghy, climbed into it, and was soon spread out comfortably in the bottom.

This was a clever move, but the others were equal to it, and they promptly cut him adrift.

Psyche, meanwhile, was rapidly coming up from astern, and all these antics were greatly enjoyed by those on board. The castaway was not long in deciding upon his plan of action, however, and putting the oars in place he pulled over to the point that the Psyche would pass and waited for her. When she came up he scrambled aboard, and then had his revenge. He kicked that dinghy as far as he could; then he stood up and called, "Hi! you fellows, there's your dinghy!" Of course the Nancy had to go back after the boat and lost a lot of time fooling around trying to pick it up.

Keeping Her Word.

Pick-Me-Up.

"I'm simply ashamed of you, Ethelberta. I heard Mr. Mansergh kiss you repeatedly in the conservatory."

"I couldn't help it, mama."

"Couldn't help it! What nonsense! How often did he kiss you?"

"Eight times, mama. You see, he kissed me once, and I said I would never speak to him again. So of course when he continued kissing me I could not go back upon my word and tell him to stop."

Typographical Errors.

Typographical errors sometimes cause really serious trouble and annoyance. On other occasions they are simply amusing.

Some years ago an advertisement of a political meeting was inserted in a Philadelphia paper. The advertisement was intended to announce that a well known leader would address "the masses" that evening. Owing to the misplacement of a "space," however, the public of Philadelphia was informed that the address would be delivered to "them asses at National Hall."

A religious paper called the Gospel Banner,

Duly Qualified.
Pick-Me-Up.



Employer—I dismissed my last watchman on account of his intemperate habits. Now, are you sober?
Applicant—Yes, sir; very often.

which is published at Augusta, Maine, once attracted attention through the prank of a printer, who transposed two words of its motto, so that it read: "In the name of our God we will up set our banner."

The omission of a comma was the cause of a suit for libel brought against a Western newspaper by the inventor of a patent medicine. A testimonial to the worth of his compound was inserted in the paper, and read as follows: "I now find myself completely cured, after being brought to the very gates of death by having taken only five bottles of your medicine."

The comma, which should have come after the word "death," was unnoticed by the compositor.

Worked Both Ways.

Philadelphia Record.

A college professor, who prided himself on his correct English, heard his wife remark: "I intended to tell Jane to bring a fresh bucket of water."

"You doubtless mean a bucket of fresh water," corrected the professor. "I wish you would pay some attention to your rhetoric. Your mistakes are curious." A few moments later the professor said:

"My dear, that picture will show to better advantage if you were to hang it over the clock."

"Ah," she replied quietly, "you doubtless mean if I were to hang it above the clock. If I were to hang it over the clock we could not tell the time. I wish you would be more careful with your rhetoric, my dear, your mistakes are curious."

And the professor all at once became very interested in his books.

Musical Corn.

A lady reports to the Washington Post a new and clever name for a well known and highly esteemed American dish: An Englishman and his wife sat near me in a cafe on the avenue the day before yesterday. I knew they were English as soon as I saw his coat and her hair. Even if I had not seen these two unmistakably English things, I should have guessed their nationality from a name they gave to an American dish. The man was ordering luncheon.

"I don't see it on the bill of fare," he said to the waiter, "but bring me some flute corn if you have it."

"Flute corn?" repeated the waiter, in surprise.

"Yes," said the Englishman, "flute corn."

The waiter still hesitated.

"Why," went on the Englishman, "don't you have it? The sort of corn, you know, that one eats like playing the flute."

And as a delicate euphemism for corn on the cob, I think "flute corn" can hardly be surpassed.

Took It Himself.

Youth's Companion.

When the late Neal Dow was a young man, he was chief of the volunteer fire department of Portland, Maine. His activity in temperance reform made him unpopular with the liquor-sellers, and they tried to get him removed.

At a hearing on the matter, one witness testified that Mr. Dow was arbitrary and reckless of the lives of the men. By way of illustration, he said that he was ordered by the chief to take the pipe which he was holding into a place where he refused to go, telling the chief that no man could live there.

On cross-examination, he was asked:

"What did Mr. Dow do then?"

"Snatched the pipe from my hands, and told me to clear out."

"What else?"

"He took it into the fire himself."

At that point the case against the chief broke down.

Courteous Smuggling.

Youth's Companion.

The Dingley Bill appears to have recalled various reminiscences of successful smuggling. One of these relates to Marshal Saxe as he was returning into France after the campaign of 1745.

At the gates of some city on the French frontier at customs officer presented himself at

the door of the carriage and said:

"Have you anything contrary to the orders of the King, Marshal?"

"No, monsieur."

"But what is that?" asked the officer, pointing to an immense barrel of tobacco on which the Marshal's feet were resting, and which took up all the front part of the carriage.

"That, monsieur," replied the Marshal calmly, "is my tobacco-box."

"Ah, indeed!" said the official. "Well, I suppose it is but right that a very great general should have a tobacco-box in proportion," and he closed the door respectfully.

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No Name on Earth so Famous—
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No name on earth, perhaps, is so well known, more peculiarly constructed or more widely imitated than the word DODD. It possesses a peculiarity that makes it stand out prominently and fastens it in the memory. It contains four letters, but only two letters of the alphabet. Everyone knows that the first kidney remedy ever patented or sold in pill form was named DODD'S. Their discovery startled the medical profession of the world over, and revolutionized the treatment of kidney diseases.

No imitator has ever succeeded in constructing a name possessing the peculiarity of DODD, though they nearly all adopt names as similar as possible in sound and construction to this. Their foolishness prevents them realizing that attempts to imitate increase the fame of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

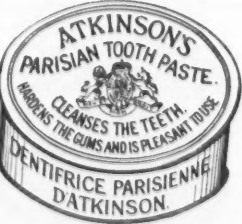
Why is the name "Dodd's Kidney Pills" imitated? As well ask why are diamonds and gold imitated. Because diamonds are the most precious gems, gold the most precious metal. Dodd's Kidney Pills are imitated because they are the most valuable medicine the world has ever known.

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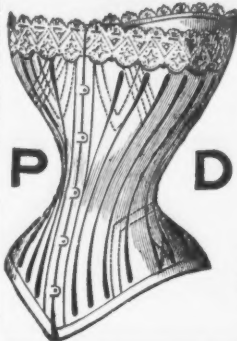
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Twenty Years of Toothache.

Speaking of peculiar people, I know a woman who has had the toothache for twenty years; right straight along, you see, day and night, week-days, holidays and Sundays. The total amount of pain she has suffered, if you could condense it into one pang, would kill an elephant in five minutes. The original tooth that the ache started in has rotted out long ago, yet the pain in the jaw stays there just the same. She puts things in her mouth all the while, and so keeps the pain dulled down a bit, but is never rid of it. And it may sound like an odd thing to say, but upon my soul I don't believe she would know what to do with herself without that old familiar toothache. And all because she hadn't the courage to have that tooth out, away back when it first began to trouble her. What I say is literally true; I can give you chapter and verse for it. Toothache or some other sort of ache. Goodness gracious! What a lot of people are pulled and hauled about by needless pain. They may manage to bear it, and do, but it is very, very bad for them.

Here, for example, is a lady who says, "Although I was able to go about I was constantly in pain." She didn't lack the courage to take remedies for it; she did everything until at last—But wait. "In the early part of 1889," she explains, "I began to feel weak and ailing, and wasn't able to make out what ailed me. Without having worked any harder than usual I nevertheless felt weary, tired and languid. Then I felt dull, too, and heavy in mind; I could not rouse myself to take my former interest in things. It was, in a sense, like being under the influence of a narcotic drug. My appetite grew less and less until I ate scarcely anything, and even that seemed to do me no good. There was pain and weight in the chest after it, and a curious feeling of tightness around my sides.

My nerves were so upset that I got very little natural rest at night. Instead of rising refreshed and bright, as a person properly does after a good sound sleep, I was even more weary and tired in the morning than on going to bed. All this time there was a foul taste in my mouth, and a general sense of illness and disorder, as you may say, over my whole body. Although I was able to go about I was in constant pain.

As you will suppose, I did not undergo all this weakness and suffering without making an effort to obtain relief from it. I tried one thing after another, but received no benefit from any. After having been in this distressing condition for about three years, and nothing to anticipate but a continuance of it, my uncle told me one day of what he had heard of the success of Mother Seigel's Syrup in curing cases of the same kind. In hope that what the Syrup had done for others it might do for me, I procured a bottle from Mr. Herbert, chemist, Great James street, Lisson Grove, and after taking it I felt much better; and when I had taken four bottles I was free once more from disease and pain. Since then I have enjoyed health, which—as I have assured my friends—I owe to Mother Seigel's Syrup. (Signed) Miss L. Smith, 35 Hall Place, Paddington, London, W., January 22nd, 1895.

The ailment which dragged this intelligent woman through three wretched and painful years was the same that afflicts the vast majority of her sex—indigestion or dyspepsia. It is so many of them have it I will try to show on another occasion. Enough now to say that no malady is capable of producing a greater aggregate of misery, bodily and mental. It is death in life. Very little work, and no real enjoyment at all, that is the verdict people give after an experience of it. It is worse than prolonged toothache, or any mere local pain. And if Mother Seigel's Syrup cures it—as there is plenty of proof to show—why shouldn't we announce the fact everywhere by tongue and pen?

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers. Sixteen pages are often given to subscribers in a single weekly issue without extra charge.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE DE LITTLE AFFAIR, by E. Pauline Johnson (Tehachianwake); illustrated by F. S. Challenger.....	7
THE FROG LAKE MASSACRE, as related by Johnny Saskatchewan, by William Alexander Fraser; illustrated by J. E. Laughlin.....	10
LE SABRE DE MON FRERE, by Grace Sandys Denison; illustrated by C. H. Kahrs.....	13
CHRISTMAS MORNING, full-page illustration.....	15
FORSKEN FLATS, by Edmund E. Sheppard; illustrations by F. H. Bridgen.....	16
THE JESTER IN DISGRACE, full-page illustration.....	21
ALL IN A TEACUP, written and illustrated by Kathleen Sullivan.....	22
THE CLIMATE OF CANADA.....	24
AN IMPENITENT MAID, full-page illustration.....	25
POETRY, new and old.....	26
AN UNWILLING WITNESS, by Wilfrid E. Tupper; illustrations by J. E. Laughlin.....	27
THE GRAVES OF THREE GREAT CANADIANS, by Mack; illustrated from photographs.....	30
THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, by Charles Gordon Rogers; illustrated from pen-drawings and photographs.....	32
SOME SPORTING EVENTS AND RECORDS OF THE YEAR, by The Umpire; illustrated with portraits.....	36
THE MINES OF ONTARIO.....	42



MISS Cissy FITZGERALD, who appears at the Grand Opera House this week, is said to have created quite a furore in England, and is certainly a very pretty and attractive young lady. I understand from the notices which have appeared about her performances, that this subtle attractiveness of hers is principally to be found in her extremely expressive wink and the elegant if *neglige* manner in which she permits her audiences to inspect her garters and a very neat pair of ankles. This is an illustration of the meeting of extremes, and the combination is a strong one. Miss Fitzgerald's dancing has been termed a revelation by some critics. Her entertainment is altogether physical in its character; she sings a little, and acts less, but dances beautifully, and as she wisely puts forward her abilities in this direction as the leading feature of her programme, you are fair to enjoy it and pass on, satisfied, not wishing nor caring that there should be more.

By the way, I had almost forgotten that there is a play connected with Miss Fitzgerald's iridescence. It concerns an unfortunate young man who is somewhat hazy about his antecedents and is desperately anxious to find his mother, believing that with her assistance the other half of his missing parentage will be discovered. Unfortunately, the meagre particulars of place and date which he is able to furnish regarding himself are the source of much confusion on the part of several estimable ladies who seemed to have an unaccountable but pronounced aversion, under the circumstances, to claiming the honor of being the young man's immediate ancestress. Yet he is certainly a boy to be proud of. Finally a benevolent old party in India, the brother of his reputed father, claims him as his son, and so the young man discovers that he is his father's nephew, or his uncle's son, or something of this kind. But it is all perfectly clear and straight when you understand it, and the reluctant object of his affections cheerfully accepts him when once assured that her future will be certainly adorned by the indubitable existence of a real mother-in-law.

Under the style, name and title, as our legal friends say, of Lady Windermere's Fan, the Cummings people have gone back this week to high-class society comedy. For this style of play they are eminently fitted, and it was no surprise to me to find this piece an immediate and very pleasing success. In fact, Mr. Cummings has made it clear that his company can appear creditably in almost any play of adequate merit, but when they essay pieces out of what may be termed their special line, they fail to be judged by the excellence of their work within that line, and of course are not overpleased with the verdict. It is a mistake sometimes to do a thing too well, to rise to a height from which you must afterwards recede. Success is somewhat like a mountain peak—you can climb up or slide down, but you cannot travel any very great distance on the level of the top. We should think a great deal more of Idaho and Our Regiment had we

not seen Captain Swift, All the Comforts of Home, and The Lost Paradise. A good play is a gratifying reason for grumbling at plays not quite so good, but which in themselves afford no real ground of discontent. Each marvelously successful production makes it increasingly difficult for others not much less meritorious to succeed at all; and that is why several very pretty Sunday school theories on the subject of example are completely shattered by the unfortunate fact that, on an average, out of a hundred who set themselves to follow the footsteps of some particularly bright and, therefore, particularly impossible predecessor, about ninety-nine whose progress is not so rapid, but none the less sure, give up in sheer disgust at the appalling distance they appear to lag behind. Thank heaven for one Example that never went too fast for the weariest foot, nor through places so difficult nor ways so rough that the tenderest heart could not follow Him!

Lady Windermere's Fan treats that solemn and mysterious mother-in-law question in an altogether flippant and irreverent manner. The story is improbable as anything new upon this thoroughly exhausted subject must be. Lady Windermere has been brought up to believe that her mother died in infancy—I mean the infancy of Lady Windermere, not of the mother, and on this account enters the matrimonial bonds with less difficulty than usual. Her mother, however, is not dead, and is therefore alive, and the play brings out this natural sequence of cause and effect very clearly. In addition to being alive, she is poor which is a comfortable assurance to literary adventurers that life and poverty are not wholly incompatible. She comes to town and reveals herself to the husband but not to her daughter, and the husband incautiously agrees to contribute to her support until marriage puts an end to the unpleasant situation. It always does. In the meantime Lord Windermere's relations with his mother-in-law *incog.* are creating a scandal and come eventually to Lady Windermere, who, with the unerring instinct common alike to the medical profession and the fair sex, immediately fears the worst, and sets herself to work to supply any elements of tragedy that may be lacking when the crash comes. She leaves home and meets her mother who uses every effort to induce her to return, which she finally promises to do. There is a very nice little bit of acting in this scene; though the incidents are somewhat out of the ordinary run, for it is but seldom that a lady who has alienated a husband's affections, displays any great anxiety to restore the husband to the wife or the wife to the husband—I am not sure which is the correct expression, but the party which is the loser by the wife's flight should be mentioned last, so that the proper form will vary in differing circumstances. Then the play proceeds smoothly enough to the usual happy denouement.

Mr. Ralph Cumming's name occurred too low down on the programme to please the majority of the patrons of the theater, who like to see him in the leading role. Mr. Addison Pitt, however, was very acceptable in his part, and Miss Marshall, Miss Byron and Miss Haines appeared to excellent advantage.

For Liberty and Love, which is on at the Toronto Opera House, is a good enough melodrama. It is well acted and parts of the plot are ingenious. Miss Lillian Lewis is a clever actress, and she puts an unusual amount of art into the acting of the heroine. Mr. John Walters as Capt. Navarro, has a real, natural streak of dry humor in his character. Whoever saw the true hero descend to humor? Just the same, Navarro is a far more likable man than the true hero, and I wish there were more heroes with the same failing. The soubrette is a very lovable little thing; the "Kansas" widow is "immense," and the Texas cowboy who is helping the Cubans out (as he helped the Mexicans) is manly and broad-chested. The play on the whole is a very fair melodrama, but the material will doubtless form a very much better one some day when I and a few others have had time to study the thing out.

Miss Rachael Baumann gave a most enjoyable dramatic recital at St. George's Hall last Monday evening. Considering the excellence of the programme and that the affair was under the distinguished patronage of Their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen, it is surprising that a larger audience was not present. The heavier numbers on Miss Baumann's programme were A Story out of Labrador by Gilbert Parker, Hagar, and Queen Katherine's Defence, all of which were artistically done. The scene in which Hagar, about to be banished into the wilderness, takes leave of and denounces Abraham was the strongest piece of work I have seen on the elocutionary platform this season. There was no strain about it, and though the feeling was intense it was natural and unforced. The slightest suspicion of falseness of ring in the rendering of a piece of this kind is generally enough to give a sensitive audience the fidgets, especially so if the audience is a small one. It is a comparatively rare privilege to listen to an elocutionist who is unsupported with scenic effects, handle such a piece as this satisfactorily. Miss Baumann's lighter numbers were perhaps even better appreciated than the others, especially the selections from James Whitcomb Riley. The works of Riley abound in sketches and verse adapted for the platform, and selections of his are always popular numbers in a programme. Miss Baumann was assisted by Mrs. Charles Crowley, soprano, and Miss Henrietta Shippe, accompanist, who helped to make up a first-class programme.

Miss Lillian Burns gives an evening of readings next Monday, December 6, in Guild Hall, McGill street. It is her first recital since finishing her work in New York, and is being looked forward to with much pleasurable anticipation.

James J. Corbett will appear at the Toronto Opera House next week in A Naval Cadet. Corbett has developed into a first-rate actor in this play.

Joe Murphy will come to the Grand for four nights next week.

At Dargai—October 20, 1897.

Fifty yards wide the platform stretched
Between the shelters and the ridge;
Only such slender space to cross,
And 'tis of Victory the Bridge!

But on those rocks eight thousand foes
With furious fire the passage close.
Fifty yards wide! No more! Yet dare
One step upon that leveled space,
And the brave Linesman, torn with shot,
Falls, dead and dying, on his face.

A storm-swept Bridge! A Bridge of Hell!
How deadly you prone corpses tell.
The Gurkhas start! Not readily
Will those lithe pigmies of the hills
Turn back for flame, or shot, or steel;
But here, to-day, 'tis courage kills!

The boldest man by man must bleed;
The Gurkhas can not do this deed!
Dorsetshire men, and Derbyshire—
Right gallant corps—form to the front;
Fearless they close in long-linked ranks,
Of that stern gap to bear the brunt;

What manhood may, and loyalty,
And pride, and pluck, this foe shall see!
Alas! too dreadful drives that hail
Of hissing lead! The constant slain
Roll, cumbering those heroic feet
Which would advance; the bloody plain
Is littered o'er with red and black;

Dorsetshires, Derbyshires, turn back!
And loud, from sangar and from crag,
The taunting, bitter screams are heard
Of tribes who mark a British line
Stayed, baffled—nay, but not afear!
Eight thousand muskets keep the hill;
And that Red Bridge untraversed still!

Then, from gray hollows where they crouch
The sons of Scotland silent gather—
Wild indigo and tamarisks brush
The limbs bred in the purple heather—
The Gordon Highlanders fall in—
Pipers and all—Hell's Bridge to win.

"Men of the Gordon Highlanders!"
Colonel Mathias loudly cries,
"The General's orders are to take,
At any needful sacrifice,
Yonder position! His we'll make it,
The Gordon Highlanders will take it!"

To skirt of pipes and gleam of blades
The glorious band leaps joyous forth.
Drowning the muskets on the hill
With slogan from the North.
Stay them! Death's self, Hell's self, give ground
When Gordons to the battle bound!

Fierce, splendid, faithful, stream our Scots
To light some, homely Highland lilt;
Too swift for Fate, too bold to fail,
Rush buskin, plume, and kilt.
The fifty yards of fire are passed;
The savage ridge is gained at last!

Down from the emptied sangars fly
Those rebel hordes; the flaming hill
Is cleared! The grim position seized
As was the General's will.
The Colonel's simple word did make it,
"The Gordon Highlanders will take it!"

Dear Brothers of our Blood! The cheers
Which hailed you conquerors, as ye came
Mid glad battalions welcoming you,
Down marching from that Hill of Flame,
Echo in British homes to-day,
From North to South, from Thames to Tay.

Folk say your earliest files were raised
In bonny town of Aberdeen,
Where lad's King George's guinea took
A Duchess' lovely lips between.
The country's kiss is yours, like hers!
—Sir Edwin Arnold in the London Telegraph.

Alluding to the story that the beautiful Duchess of Gordon offered each man willing to join her husband's new regiment a kiss and a guinea.

Lecture on Klondike.

Miss Esther Lyons, the First White Woman Who Crossed Chilkoot Pass.

MISS ESTHER LYONS, who is said to be the first woman to have braved the dangers of a journey through Chilkoot Pass, will tell of her experiences at Massey Music Hall on Monday evening. Her recital will be illustrated with about two hundred views taken by the late Alaskan explorer, Mr. Veazie Wilson, which are claimed to be the only genuine pictures in existence. Of Miss Lyons' entertainment a Chicago critic writes:

"The Columbia theater was fairly well crowded last night by many men and women in search of authentic information concerning the gold fields of the Klondike region. The attraction which drew them there was an illustrated lecture by Miss Esther Lyons, the first woman ever to make the long and perilous trip down the mighty Yukon and over the Chilkoot pass.

"Miss Lyons had made the trip through the Alaskan regions in 1894 in company with a party under the charge of Mr. Veazie Wilson, whose account of the trip is still the most complete and thorough of all guide-books to the region. Mr. Wilson prepared the photographs with which the lecture was illustrated for his own use as a lecturer, but his premature death prevented his using them. When the present immense interest in the region developed, Miss Lyons decided to utilize the material which had been gathered on that trip.

"After a brief introduction, Miss Lyons began a detailed account of the trip from Dyea up and over Chilkoot pass. Her lecture was full of practical and valuable hints as to the best methods of overcoming the difficulties, based on knowledge gained from her own experience.

"Backed by the incontrovertible evidence of the camera, she showed that the far-famed Chilkoot pass was by no means the dangerous place which many accounts painted it. On the contrary, her photographs showed, and she herself bore testimony, that the actual crossing of the pass was a matter of comparative simplicity and freedom from danger. It was impossible, she said, for the traveler to lose his way, and that the terrible chasms which had been so often painted existed only in the imaginations of certain writers.

"The dangers of the trip were, however, by no means belittled. With the story of barren and snow-capped mountains continually on the canvas before the audience, such statements, even if the lecturer had made them, would have obtained little credence. It was clearly shown that none but those in robust health should attempt the trip. The necessity for sufficient funds and for abundant provisions was also touched on and emphasized by the views shown. Several miners' outfits were also shown with advice as to the most practical

and valuable. The lecturer was heartily applauded at frequent intervals and the audience left with an actual knowledge of the real Klondike country."



THANKSGIVING DAY'S game (Ottawa College 14, Hamilton 10) was probably the best exhibition of Rugby given in Canada this season; at least, I have seen nothing to equal it. After a long

course of games, in which there has been so much scrapping, fumbling, poor passing, bad tackling, and general lack of scientific play, it was indeed a pleasure to witness such a sharp, clean game. From start to finish the spectators were entertained with good, honest football, in which but few tricks were introduced. Lafleur's touch-down, after threading his way through the Hamilton team, which stood gaping at him, was highly sensational, and Murphy's try, after a brilliant run around the end of about 50 yards, was worth going many miles to see. Of course Lafleur had no license to run through the whole Hamilton team, and never would have done so had the Tiger half-backs been awake, and, if the Hamilton wings had done their duty, Murphy would never have got around the end. It was a rather fluky game. Hamilton got 4 points on a fumble, and then lost a sure touch-down by Wylie's fumble of Fox's pass, when the ball was right on Ottawa's line. On reviewing the play, Hamilton certainly seem to have had the best of it, as they had the ball in Ottawa's territory the greater part of the time. If the team had only kept its head at critical moments the championship would have come west this year. The Hamilton wings entirely outclassed Ottawa's, this being especially obvious in the second half. The scrimmage work was particularly good, Ottawa having the advantage in being able to get the ball out quicker, and seldom losing it when once in their possession. The Hamilton scrimmage, however, showed unexpected strength and held their veteran opponents down well. Fox and Smith both played beautifully, their passing being quick and sure. Smith on the whole gained more ground by bucking than Fox, being able to hit the line harder. The work of the halves was particularly interesting to watch, as it was there the brains of the two teams lay. The Ottawa backs are specially adapted for the running game, and the manner in which they kept possession of the ball in the second half was wonderful. Smith would pass to Gleason, who passed over the heads of the charging Tiger forwards to McGuicken, who in turn transferred the ball to Murphy; this was done time and time again for gains of a few yards, after a run right across the field, the Hamilton wings being unable to break through the interference and tackle the runner. The Hamilton backs did little open passing, merely slipping the ball from one to the other when tackled. This method, however, was a good ground-gainer. Counsell tried to make the game an open one, and consequently kicked as frequently as possible. Gleason is if anything playing better than ever, and though unable to kick the ball as far as Counsell, he rarely lost ground in exchange of punts, his running and dodging abilities making up for what he lacked in kicking powers. Counsell kicked over the Ottawa line for single points, but Gleason, who once had a free kick on the Hamilton line, simply touched his foot to the ball, which went into the hands of one of his own men, who

all the credit he has received for bringing up such a strong organization. With a little more experience the Tigers will be hard to beat. A great deal of interference was done during the game, principally by Ottawa men, which the referee was not at all sharp in calling down; indeed, Mr. Davidson's work might have been more satisfactory. W.T.

Like the Inter-College League the City Senior League will see two contests between the two leading teams for championship honors. The first final game in both instances ended with a clean slate—not one of the four competing teams being able to notch a goal to its credit. This speaks volumes for the quality of football put up, and the fact that negotiations have fallen through for a match between representative teams of the two leagues is to be deplored for the resulting game would certainly be gilded. 'Varsity and Dentals played off their tie last week and the game was almost as closely contested as their previous one. It was only by untiring efforts, after repeated failures that 'Varsity forwards were successful in getting around the Dentals' stalwart defence. The game finally ended, the score standing 2 to 1 in 'Varsity's favor, and the championship goes to 'Varsity again. The close run given the University men was hardly anticipated.

Last Saturday the Scots and Riversides came together and played a tie for the championship.



General opinion backed the Riversides on their season's showing, especially because of the fact that they had administered a dose of whitewash to the Scots the last time they met. They repeated this dose last Saturday, but were obliged to submit to the application of a coat of the same hue. Throughout the game the play was fast. Especially noticeable was the Riverside half-lines combination with the forwards. Realizing the Scots' heavy defence powers they kept possession of the ball by well played and well timed kicks, and followed well. The Scots defence soon mastered the style of play, however. In the first half the Riversides seemed to have the best of it, and in the second half the Scots, yet neither side could score. Referee Miller was very lenient, to say the least; most flagrant fouls were allowed to pass unnoticed. Several instances where a man deliberately stooped in front of an on-coming opponent and threw him over his back should



gained a few yards, and in the succeeding scrimmage Smith scored a touch-down.

Counsell has been criticized on this account, since the game, but having regard to Ottawa's undoubted superiority in the way of mass plays, I think he showed good judgment. Both teams played many new men for championship teams. Of the team that defeated 'Varsity last year, only two half-backs, the quarter-back, the scrimmage and two wings were left. It is, however, in the combination of McCreadie, Clancy and Boucher in the scrimmage, Smith at quarter, and Gleason, that the team's great strength lies. Hamilton is practically a new team this year, and Capt. Counsell deserves

certainly have been penalized. The game to-day will no doubt be one of the grandest exhibitions of the grand old kicking game that could well be imagined.

It will interest a great many people to know that Moran, the star lacrosse player, who had his leg broken in the Toronto-Tecumseh match at Rosedale, is now able to be out and will be on the field again next year. Indeed, he expects to play hockey this winter. He expresses himself as deeply sensible of the many kind attentions shown him while in the hospital by strangers who were presumably witnesses of his accident.

THE UMPIRE.

The Battle of the Brickyards

ONE DAY OF WAR.

The Attack and Defence of Toronto in the Sham Battle of Thanksgiving Day.

THE ATTACKING ARMY.

Lieut.-Colonel Davidson, Commander.
Major Mutton, Brigade Major.
Total strength—346 officers and men.

Queen's Own Rifles..... 569 men
COLONEL DELAMERE.
48th Highlanders..... 303 men
MAJOR COSBY.
Left Half Toronto Field Battery (2 guns)..... 31 men
MAJOR MILES.
Royal Canadian Dragoons..... 52 men
SERGT.-MAJOR DINGLEY.

THE ARMY OF DEFENCE.

Colonel Mason, Commander.
Major Cartwright, Brigade Major.
Total strength—321 officers and men.

Royal Grenadiers..... 333 men
MAJOR BRUCE.
13th Battalion of Hamilton..... 365 men
MAJOR McLAREN.
Right Half Toronto Field Battery (2 guns)..... 31 men
LIEUTENANT BICKFORD.
Governor-General's Body Guard (two troops) 30 men
CAPTAIN FLEMING.
R. R. C. I., Bicycle Corps..... 20 men
R. R. C. I., No. 2 Company..... 45 men
CAPTAIN DENISON.

7.30 a.m., Armories.—Your correspondent arrived early. The army has not yet shown up. The weather looks promising—that is, promising rain.

8.00, Armories.—A Highlander has arrived. He is wearing his trews, an evidence of the military care and foresight on the part of Major Cosby, as it is raining already and the wind is rather cold.

8.30, Armories.—The troops are rapidly mobilizing. There are now three Grenadiers, four Highlanders and a Queen's Own bugler ready for the word to advance.

9.00, Armories.—It is raining.
9.30, Armories.—The weather looks settled. An officer of the Queen's Own who has just arrived, looks grave and anxious.

10.00, Armories.—The rain has ceased. Martial ardor has gained ascendancy.

10.30.—It is raining again. Everything promises an exceedingly unpleasant day.

11.00.—It has stopped raining. Everybody prophesies an exceedingly fine day.

11.30.—It is again raining. It is thought in official circles that it will be an exceedingly wet day. The regimental bands are all playing at once. The enthusiasm of the scene is indescribable. Let me describe it briefly. Each regiment is drawn up in companies two deep. The men are nearly all smoking. The Q. O. R. Band is playing A Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night. A thousand voices take up the inspiring air and toss it up among the great metal rafters that support the immense roof.

One company, forty strong, have joined hands, formed a ring, and, keeping time to the band, are dancing around and around the circle. In the center half a dozen couples are waltzing. Is this war?

The Highlanders alone are mute and unmoved. A stern frown is on each face. They are thinking of the glorious deeds of their brothers, the Gordons, on the rocky slopes of Dargai. The band ceases. An immense cheer rends the air. The men in "trews" look slightly contemptuous. Suddenly a strange squeal is heard. Instantly each man brightens. The squeal turns out to be the wild skirl of the bagpipes, as the regimental piper stalks up and down the ranks. The Highlanders are now weeping for joy. They dance around on one foot and snap their fingers in the air, crying, "Hoot, mon, hoot." It is plain that it will require an

It will be remembered that in the old School Reader we were given a minute story of the fight between Brien Barombe's men and those of the King of Leinster, supported by Danes and other American sympathizers with Home Rule. The fight took place on Good Friday, in the year 1034 A.D., and, unless the story of the conflict was inserted in the old School Reader in order to give us an idea of battle, why was it put there?

King Brien did not get his men on a hill and shoot with blank cartridges at the Leinster men and Sitric's Danes on another hill a mile away. If he had done so, Home Rule might have been an open question in Ireland to this day. Although 88 years of age, he got right down to hand-to-hand business with the foe, and performed prodigies of valor until he recklessly entered the dining-tent, where Broder (no doubt a misprint for Boarder) slew him.

Malachi, who preceded and succeeded King Brien on the throne, was an eye-witness of the conflict. He did not know which way to vote, and is immortal in history as the only Irishman who was ever known to be present at a fight without getting into it. Speaking to a reporter afterwards he said:

"It was dreadful to behold, when both the powerful armies engaged and grappled in close fight, how the swords glittered over their heads, being struck by the rays of the sun, which gave them the appearance of a numerous flock of sea-gulls flying in the air; the strokes were so mighty and the fury of the combatants so terrible that great quantities of hair, torn or cut off from their heads by their sharp weapons, were driven far off by the wind; and their spears and battle-axes were so encumbered with hair cemented together with clotted blood that it was scarce possible to clear or bring them to their former brightness."

It will be observed from the fine wood-cut plate of the School Reader that the opposing armies drew right up within arm's length, and at a given signal began to hew and thrust. In our own war on Thanksgiving Day there were umpires in charge, but at Clontarf, where there was much greater need for them, there seems to have been neither referee nor umpire, and only the traitorous Malachi keeping score. It was a hard game, conspicuous for its scragging, scrapping and off-side play.

King Brien's fifteen-year-old son, Turlough, soon fell by his father's side, also a nephew and three of his favorite officers; but "still the old king, with his four remaining sons around him, pressed forward in the fight." No drawing-room king was old Brien at the age of 88—not the kind of man to stay in the Armories until noon because of a shower of rain. And while the old man fought he looked across the country and saw his Third Division getting the worst of it from the army of Sitric of Orkney. What would he do? Something must be done to reinforce the Third Division. He called his eldest son, Morrough, and told him to go and rescue the Third Division.

had vanquished him, writhed up, snatched a knife from Morrough's belt, and gave him a death-thrust. Thus died, without issue, the only Irishman who knew whom to fight with.

In this fight occurred one of the finest instances of "courage to the death" recorded in history. Some of King Brien's men being threatened with attack after the main battle, the wounded among them insisted on taking part, and had stakes driven in the ground, to which they were tied, and so presented a firm front to the enemy. This took the grit out of the foe, who decamped, and the staked men could not, of course, pursue them.

Such was the Battle of Clontarf.

Our own battle in the Don Valley was different. Guns were placed on high hills and belched across the deep ravines. After the guns had fired half a dozen blank cartridges from one height, they would be removed to another.

O my bleeding country! Standing on a high hill I viewed the valley of slaughter. Following a winding road through the low plain was a man on a load of bricks. He was impervious to war's alarms. He drove his team along at that slow pace peculiar to the man who gets two dollars a day for himself and team. From the east cannon boomed over his head, and from the west other cannon roared their angry answers, but he gave no sign. The man who will haul brick on a legal holiday through the middle of a battle-field must like work.

Talk about the man who held the bridge against the Tuscans, tell over the deeds that have won the Victoria Cross for British heroes, but put at the top of the list the name of the man who teamed brick across the line of fire last Thursday week.

Don Valley Station, 5.00 p.m.—The Battle of the Brickyards has been fought. The result is a dark mystery. I think it will be better for the circulation of SATURDAY NIGHT and the



Bringing Home His Rubbers.

health of your correspondent to call it a draw. Your correspondent has not yet interviewed the referee and his opinion is unknown. The referee also is wise. Both armies have been up to their ears in mud and heroism all afternoon. The Don runs red with blood. The air is filled with the cries of the wounded and the slain. Without the slightest exercise of imagination I estimate the number of victims of this awful battle as upwards of two thousand. This includes your correspondent, who has sworn never to attend another battle, so deep an impression have the horrors of war left upon his mind. He may add that he has utterly wrecked a nine-dollar pair of trousers and a reputation for moderation of speech, while his boots will never be seen again.

Our troops reached the scene of action about 3.30, and a hot fire was immediately started. The men immediately warmed to their work. The Royal Grenadiers took up their position on the line of the C. P. R., which parallels the brow of the valley at this point. Here the embankments formed a complete shelter for the officers and other non-combatants, while up on the ridge above the tracks the red coats of the men made a splendid target for the enemy. Away fifteen hundred yards as the crow flies (when he is sober), straight across the valley the battery of the enemy thundered out ninety cents worth of powder at regular intervals, their splendid position for work of this kind, otherwise invisible among the trees, being marked by puffs of white smoke. Immediately to the south of the battery was an open space like a man's forehead on the brow of the hill. At the place corresponding to the eyebrows, where the trees started again, was a line of something white which moved like shirts fluttering on a clothes-line. This was three companies of the 48th Highlanders, who were evidently meditating a Dargai charge. In Dargai, by the way, charges come high and living is expensive and precarious. On this regiment our men poured their highly destructive fire. Meanwhile our battery on the heights above and to the right was answering that of the enemy with much elocutionary emphasis and attention to military discipline. The rattle of musketry to the north showed where the Hamilton Battalion were safely ensconced in the trees. The Body Guards, consisting of ten troopers and twenty buglers, were galloping around and bugling

in the valley in a highly picturesque manner. They were ordered to "carry" the bridge and "hold" it, the idea being that the bridge once out of the way the result was safe, as long-range fighting with blank cartridges can be kept up indefinitely if you have the cartridges. Unfortunately, our cavalry found the bridge nailed, so they didn't take it. The battle now raged furiously. The slaughter on both sides was terrific. Our men were suffering frightful losses. Capt. Gooderham of "F" Company lost his rubbers in the mud. Lieut. Sloane immediately took command and reanimated the spirits of the men, which had been dashed at the loss of their leader. Several

ground also, but they were backing up and taking what they could carry of it with them. To the north the foe were outflanking the gallant 13th, who were fighting nobly. Away to the south the unoffending Don Valley Station had been taken. There is no doubt that but for the fact that our troops are composed of stern material, Toronto would have stood in imminent danger just about then. However, just when things were at a crisis it was remembered that nobody had had anything to eat since breakfast, and it was now getting on for five o'clock. Accordingly a suspension of hostilities was agreed upon, while each side collected its dead and had its dinner. As I



While their Riders Reconnoitered.

privates and a corporal reported similar catastrophes. These men will receive medals for heroism in the field.

The battle now raged furiously. On all sides shells from the enemy's battery were bursting with fearful, although totally imaginary effect. Our brave fellows lying on their stomachs on the ridge were falling fast. After a hurried consultation the officers of the regiment decided to withdraw from their rather exposed position. The railway here had been cut through a hill, and the men had first to descend a steep bank to the rails, (where they would be completely out of range and sight of the enemy). This bank, composed of clay, had by the recent rains been converted into stuff resembling mortar. Naturally soldiers feel a repugnance to scrambling through beds of mortar. I do myself. Consequently a deal of delay was occasioned while the men sought a less muddy means of descent. The slaughter now became fearful. The red uniforms of the men as they stood boldly outlined on that ridge, waiting for those in front to descend the only path where it was possible to keep the boots even passably clean, must have afforded a splendid mark for the enemy. The stand of these men is unparalleled in the history of warfare.

They were now safely on the track. Here it was thought prudent to stay, as there was a bank to ascend on the other side similar to the one they had just descended. To be sure they couldn't see the enemy or fire at them, but then the same thing applied to the enemy with regard to them. This latter phase of it was felt to be a masterly stroke of strategy.

A large detachment of the enemy, armed with their new rifles, pocket-flasks, and an inbred sense of duty, regardless of all known principles of modern warfare and health, had waded across the river in the face of an exceedingly unhealthy fire from our troops to the north, marched across the flats until they reached the base of the hill, where they were sheltered from fire by the trees, and worked their way down the valley to where that ill-fated regiment was struggling to keep out of the mud. Here they commenced the ascent of the hill hidden by the bush. At last they gained the summit.

Below them lay the tracks, and our troops fifty yards away, entirely unaware as yet of their horrible danger, caught like rats in a trap. As the enemy gained the crest of the ridge lately occupied by our men, they fell into line in an orderly manner, dressing by the right. Then at the word of command they leveled their rifles. "Fire," rang out the voice of their commander, Captain Wyatt of the dreaded "I" Company, Q.O.R. There was a sheet of flame, a cloud of smoke, a rattle as of fall-

write, the toys are partaking of pork pies and bottled beer on the flats.

It was here that I met Tomkins. Tomkins had accepted the assignment of following the attacking army, whilst I followed the army of defence.

"Well, how did you get along?" I asked as we plunged into the rations provided for the staff of war correspondents.

Tomkins held a pork pie aloft with the air of a man who was taking a solemn oath.

"If I ever go to war again, may I be shot," he said. "How did I get on? Well, I'll tell you how I got on. But, say, wasn't this war advertised to start at 8.30 a.m.? Weren't the men supposed to get in motion at that hour? Well, I got in motion too. The war artist and myself got horses, and being a half-hour late we galloped through the town straight to the battle-ground. We naturally supposed, as we flew past the Armories, that the soldiers had gone on. You know all about that—not one of the sugar-candy crowd turned out until the rain was over. Why, the artist and I galloped all over Rosedale, and North Toronto and York township, looking for the soldiers, before it dawned on us that the rain kept the soldiers in." Tomkins said this with infinite disgust.

"Say, I'll tell you this—these soldiers of ours ought to be called together just once a year, on some sunny day in June, to get their pictures taken. Look at me."

I looked at him frankly and without shrinking.

"I've been out since 8.30 a.m. in the rain—for four hours on horseback and the rest of the time on foot. I don't go peacocking around in lace and gold, but if I was afraid of a rain-shower I wouldn't pretend to face bullets."

I asked Tomkins if he had succeeded in getting anything to drink during his period of service.

"Drink! Say, there isn't a saloon in all that wilderness. We climbed to the top of a hill, horses and all, mind you, and used our field glasses. We could only see one field, and when we had ridden about seven miles, up and down the Don Valley, and got to it, it turned out to be a wagon-shop. They shouldn't be allowed to build wagon-shops that look like the side view of a hotel. There is something unchristian about it, especially in war times."

"Will you be able to get much copy out of what you have seen?" said I.

"Do you know," he countered, "what General Sherman said about war? He said, 'War is hell.' I am with Sherman. That's all I've got to say about this day's nonsense. If the editor will put that in he can have it."

Then Tomkins got mad. Our soldiers held, had now equalled the record of the



On to Victory.

ing bricks, and fifty of our fellows were as dead as blank cartridges could make them. The effect was paralyzing. Mud in front, mud between them and the enemy. They had nowhere to drop, nowhere to retreat at such short notice, and fighting was, of course, forgotten in the horror of the moment. Inside two minutes they were completely annihilated. Inside four minutes they had been completely annihilated twice. Then the insatiable foe fixed bayonets and started in to do their bloody work all over again. Seeing that they stood a good chance of being annihilated a third time, here our plucky fellows, who had stood firm so far, marched down the tracks in good order. The bloodshed had been frightful.

On all sides it became evident that the enemy were gaining ground. Our men were gauging

Chinese. When the Japs attacked a certain port in the late war, the Chinese sent out a flag of truce, requesting that hostilities should cease until after it ceased raining. "Stop nothing," said the Japanese General; "rain or shine, I'm going to blow you off the map." The Chinese then decided to walk out and give up the fort if they could keep their umbrellas. "We have all got new uniforms," they said, "and if we get them mused and dirty we shall all be put in dungeons."

I pointed out to Tomkins that the Toronto and Hamilton had turned out in the rain.

"I tell you I galloped over this country for four hours in the rain and they didn't show up, and when they did get here they all marched in on these flats together and began eating pork pies. Is that war, or is it playing marbles? I'll give you two guesses." You can't reason with Tomkins.



The Battle of Clontarf.
From the old School Reader.

exceedingly heavy rain-storm to keep men such as these from following the path of glory to the grave.

12.00, Armories.—I have just learned that a vote has been taken as to whether the war is to go on or not. By a substantial majority our brave fellows have decided to fight, rain or shine. They are at this moment leaving for the front amid an enthusiasm that is indescribable. Your correspondent will not attempt to describe it, but will attach himself to the Grenadiers.

War is not what it was.
The Battle of Clontarf is deeply impressed on the memories of those of us who were in the Fourth Reader at school about fifteen years ago. Compared with the Battle of Clontarf, the battle of the Don Valley was uninteresting.

Morrough ran over with his battle-axe, "charged through the throng," and stood face to face with Sitric. "For a short time," says the Reader, "they engaged in a duel with the battle-axe. In sight of both armies, till by a terrible blow the Irish champion's weapon, cleaving helmet and coat of mail, left the Dane dead upon the field." But Morrough had still more to do. He flew back to aid his father, cut down another prince and others not worth mentioning, and then met Aurud, still another Danish prince. Then there was a fight. But finally the Irishman grabbed the Dane in one hand, shook him out of his armor—which from his flimsy character must have been a departmental store bargain—threw him to the ground, and with his breast drove a sword through him. But the Dane, ignoring all the rules of the game and failing to properly admire the great man who

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Normannia	Jan. 1	Jan. 12	Jan. 16	Jan. 17
Fulda	Jan. 8	Jan. 17	Jan. 20	Jan. 21
Verra	Jan. 15	Jan. 24	Jan. 27	Jan. 28
Furst Bismarck	Jan. 22	Jan. 30	Feb. 2	Feb. 3
K. Wilhelm II.	Feb. 5	Feb. 14	Feb. 17	Feb. 18
Normannia	Feb. 12	Feb. 20	Feb. 24	Feb. 25
Verra	Feb. 19	Feb. 28	Mar. 2	Mar. 3
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Fulda	Mar. 5	Mar. 14	Mar. 17	Mar. 18
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Anecdotal.
Tradition hands down an awful break made by a well-meaning American gentleman, who, in his embarrassment, genially assured Pope Pius IX. that he had had the pleasure of a presentation to his father, the late Pope, many years before.

A young girl, an ardent admirer of Madame Melba, at a reception given for the latter was so completely overcome when it came her turn to have a word with the prima donna, that, blushing crimson and looking up with a sweet smile, she murmured: "You sing, I believe?"

A late instance of the Irish humor is an Oxford tutor's letter of condolence to a bereaved parent. The tutor wrote: "I am sincerely grieved to hear the sad news of your son's death. But I must inform you he would have had to go down in any case, as he had failed to satisfy the examiners in classical Moderations."

Sterne once declared in regard to the widely respected maxim, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, that there was nothing right about it but its Latin. This view was evidently shared by a certain Edinburgh minister, who, being asked to preach the funeral sermon of a miserly brother cleric, chose as his text the words, "And the beggar died."

A little boy under three years of age accompanied some older members of his family to the Armories on Thanksgiving day and was deeply interested in the 18th Highlanders. For the first time he saw and heard the bagpipes, and was fascinated by them. When he returned home he said to his mother: "Mamma, I know what bagpipes are made out of. They're made out of babies."

The sexton of a certain Scotch country parish was lately much exercised at the appearance of a strange old gentleman, who, when the sermon was about to begin, took an ear-trumpet, in two parts, out of his pocket, and began screwing them together. The sexton watched him until the process was completed, and then, going stealthily up, whispered: "Ye mauna play that here! If ye dae, I'll turn ye out!"

An attentive listener, who was also a good judge of stories, after hearing from a youth his account of how he and two companions kept five hundred Indians at bay for twenty-four hours, asked: "Do you know why the Lord said to Ananias, 'Stand forth?'" And upon receiving a negative reply said: "Well, I don't either, unless it was so that you and your two companions could stand first, second and third!"

A tourist, stopping at a small country hotel in England, seeing the hostler expert and tractable, enquired how long he had lived there and what countryman he was. "I'm Yorkshire," said the fellow, "and ha' lived sixteen years here." "I wonder," replied the gentleman, "that in so long a period so clever a fellow as you seem to be have not come to be master of the hotel yourself." "Aye," answered the hostler, "but master's Yorkshire, too."

Edward IV. had a habit of calling his wealthy subjects together and asking them pleasantly what they meant to give him for the maintenance of his wars. He was extremely handsome, and this won upon a widow of good estate that she exclaimed, "By my faith, for your lovely countenance's sake, you shall have twenty pounds." This was so much more than he expected that the king kissed her. Whereupon she gave him twenty pounds more.

A multi-millionaire was invited to dinner at a fashionable house in Belgravia. A number of the "swells" who like to meet multi-

lionaires had also been invited. However, Cressus did not turn up, and, after waiting for more than three-quarters of an hour—such was his importance—the company at last went in to dinner without him. A day or two later the host met the man of wealth. "You had forgotten all about my invitation, I suppose?" he said. "Oh, no," replied the multi-millionaire—"I wasn't hungry!"

The late Duchess of Teck narrowly escaped marriage with Plon Plon, the gay and rakish cousin of the third Napoleon. The Emperor broached the subject to Palmerston on the occasion of one of the latter's visits to the Tuileries. Free trade was much in the air at the time. "A marriage between Your Majesty's cousin and Princess Mary!" exclaimed Palmerston. "I am afraid it is out of the question. The Prince is somewhat too much of a free trader, and though England may be pleased to see most duties abolished, I doubt if she will want to abolish conjugal duties."

They tell about a church with "ritualistic" tendencies. It seems that an usher showed a colored woman up to a front seat, and that during the sweet boys' voices and grand orchestral accompaniment, the usher suddenly noticed that the visitor was swaying to and fro in an agitated manner. Hurrying up the aisle he seated himself beside her and asked anxiously if she were ill. She promptly replied that she was not, but that she felt so queer that she thought she must be "getting religion." "Then," whispered the usher excitedly, "you must get right out of here. This church is no place for that sort of thing!"

Alexander Dumas "fils" dined one day with Dr. Gistal, one of the most eminent and popular physicians of Marseilles. After dinner the company adjourned to the drawing-room, where coffee was served. Here Gistal said to his honored guest: "My dear Dumas, I know you are a capital hand at improvising; pray oblige me with four lines in this album." "With pleasure," the author replied. He took his pencil and wrote:

"For the health and well-being of our dear old town, Dr. Gistal has always been anxious—very anxious—the hospital is now pulled down."
"You flatterer!" the doctor interrupted, as he looked over the writer's shoulder. But Dumas continued:

A Louisville gambler on one occasion thought he had a good thing when a stranger who looked as if he had plenty of money came along and suggested a friendly game of poker. The game ran along smoothly for a while, and at last, when the opportune moment came, the gambler dealt to the guileless stranger four queens and gave himself four kings. The betting became interesting right away, and after all the cash was up and it came to a show-down, the Louisville man laid down his four kings and the stranger showed four aces. "Take the money, mister!" gasped the astonished Kentuckian; "take it, if you have the heart to do so; but I'll be darned if that was the hand I dealt you!"

Carlyle one day sat talking with Richard Milnes, M.P., when he removed his pipe and said in his direct way: "Richard Milnes, when are you going to get that pension for Alfred Tennyson?" "My dear Carlyle," responded Milnes, "the thing is not so easy as you seem to suppose. What will my constituents say if I do get the pension for Tennyson? They know nothing about him or his poetry, and they will probably think he is some poor relation of my own and that the whole affair is a job." Solemn and emphatic was Carlyle's response: "Richard Milnes, on the Day of Judgment, when the Lord asks you why you didn't get that pension for Alfred Tennyson, it will not do to lay the blame on your constituents; it is you that will be damned."

Lady Sybil Primrose, the eldest daughter of Lord Rosebery, who, it was recently announced, is shortly to "come out," has often been the subject of mention by literary men. In the first Midlothian campaign of 1879, when she was a baby of two months old, Sir Edward Boehm drew a picture of her in the *Hawarden* album as "The Suffrage Babe." She was about a year old when Professor Blackie, then on a visit to Mentmore, wrote, "I was left alone with the baby, Sybil, a wonderful production, with large blue eyes and serene temper." Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was another of her earliest admirers. Readers of the *Hundred Days* in Europe will remember his account of her letter to the Queen. Matthew Arnold, in a letter written shortly before his death, describes a visit to the Durdans, and refers with interest to the children, especially "that pretty little Peggy whom Millais painted."

The late Professor Newman's intellectual eccentricities are yielding a crop of reminiscences. His old friend, Rev. F. Hastings, relates in the *Christian World* that once at Wellington they had to share the same bed, when the Cardinal's brother talked his companion to sleep till after two in the morning. At six o'clock he awoke his friend to continue a suspended argument on the 19th Psalm, going on as "though he had been continuing some article for the *Fortnightly*." Even with his face covered with soap, Newman was still at it, on the hard subject of the divinity of Christ. He seldom attended public worship, but once, after his visit to Mr. Hastings' church, Mrs. Newman (a Plymouth Sister) rebuked the minister for not having said in his sermon that which might have converted her husband. Rev. T. Grey, a Congregationalist, was frequently suffered to pray by the professor's bedside, but should there be anything in the prayer he could not approve, Newman invariably mentioned it.

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The SATURDAY NIGHT Building has been very successful as an office building, their being little room to be let. This is an evidence of its popularity and of the wisdom of its location, near the new City Hall. There is a nice room now vacant on the first floor which it would be well to inspect if you are thinking of a change. See the business manager.

Between You and Me.

U E sat in the office with the heavy plate-glass doors. The observant man was talking. "Those doors," said he, "are a great indication to me of the temper of my visitors. You see, they stick a bit, and are a trifle heavy. A woman comes up, seizes the handle and pulls carelessly. They don't move. Then she gives a strong tug. They stand pat. Then a quick change comes over her face, and you'd be amazed to see the wicked look of her as with a big pull she yanks open the door. I know she's got a short temper. It's always a giveaway to watch her open that door. Another woman happens in. She is thinking of something nice. You can see it by the little curl about her lips. The good old door begins to get on its test. She pulls; then looks surprised; pulls again and smiles; and when she finally gets it open she is all one amused laugh, and a suspicion of foolishness makes her cheeks flush. I love to watch her, while the big door tells me how good-natured she is."

A good many things have gone into limbo since our country, bran-new and enterprising, was first called Ontario. Among the almost extinct species is the old-fashioned shop-keeper. You know how it used to be when our fathers and grandfathers drove or plodded into the town with their wives to do "a little trading." "Shopping" is a saucy, consequential, trifling little word, the outcome of an advanced growth, and belongs to the age of asphalt rather than the period of corduroy roads. The old-fashioned shop-keeper did not stand behind the counter; he came to the door to meet you, and unless you were a very distinct swell he shook hands. Then you asked after his wife and children, or, if he were a lone man, after his housekeeper or himself; he responded in kind. Then you and he talked over the news from the Crimea, for perchance Lord Cardigan on his white-footed horse was putting up shots for the Rooshians at Balaklava that very day. Then he told you of some new paddy or some extra fine snuff he had brought from New York to Little York, for in those days there was a greater York by which one got the fashions and the luxuries, as to-day. The old-fashioned shop-keeper wore an apron, and neither you nor he minded it in the least; and he was liable to snip off an end of barley-sugar and send it home to little miss, and to put in an extra candle to the pound; and he would carry out a keg of nails with his own strong arms, or a bag of sugar, for the old-fashioned shop-keeper had a great stock of self-respect to back up on. He is gone now, or he lives in a brown-stone front and gives dinner-parties, and looks a trifle bored with the functions; but he is only a memory in his sturdy fashion of long ago, a memory to us of very far-away childhood, which will be wanting in the lives of our children.

I have been wanting to tell you of an interesting person I met away south last month. There had come to me several scraps of intelligence concerning an Oriental teacher who was arousing an intense interest in some of my friends of the thinking contingent. They called him the Swami, which was easy, but some of them added his name, Abadhandanda, which was difficult, and I never tried it. In fact, before he had taught me many lessons I am afraid I called him "dear boy," which was shocking. The Swami is a dusky Hindu, who might be any age from nineteen to twenty-nine, with a perfect, clear-cut, brown face, adorable eyes like velvet; curly, black hair, trimly parted on one side and rippling in the most fascinating crimps across his head to a lot of pretty little curly ends. He teaches in a madder-red gaberline, which hangs on his well-set form like a glove and is girded at the waist by a broad silk girdle. Out upon the hideousness of man's apparel, the ungainly, undignified coat, and the stove-pipe leg-clothing; when one has seen a gaberline of madder-red cloth on a very well shaped Swami, one knows that the Oriental is the well dressed mortal. The Swami has slender, supple, elegant hands and feet, and a voice sweet as music, and a smile which is the cutest I ever saw. His face sniply twinkles all over with quiet amusement at some of the crazy questions put to him. All sorts of people come to learn of him; the crank comes with his pockets full of Bibles and is bowled over speechless when the Swami asks "which Bible" of the man who never heard of any but the Bible of the Jew and Christian. The young student comes, and at the close of the lesson goes modestly to him with her Sanscrit exercise; and oh, the gentle encouragement of his corrections! The Swami is provocative of one's best efforts to get on! The man of affairs comes to learn how to smooth the nervous furrow from his brow and set his powers in order to conquer the load of care that threatens his extinction. The society woman comes to amuse herself with listening to his broken English, and to rest herself in the quiet that comes with his teachings. The occult student comes and nods his head acquiescently as the dusky boy talks of the place which passeth understanding and the way which leads to it. And in the simplest language the Swami tells of the deepest and holiest things. One goes in meekly, for these are high subjects, and one comes out in silence, for the hour has been full. When one thinks much one talks little, says the Swami, and "that's just what," as the man in the back seat remarks, *sotto voce*. Some day the Swami will come to Toronto if Toronto wants him.

LADY GAY.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Questions, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures need not accompany by coupons are not studied.

TA SEUR.—How did you come out?
NELKIE DEAR.—Thanks for your delightful letter. I enjoyed reading it and hope to see you during the

session. Your gain is our loss—that's the unanimous verdict. How does time fly? Did you like it?

LIBRA.—So glad you liked the book. I was interested, naturally not to the same extent as you, but very much. Will look up the lady. She ought to interest me immensely. And I will write you when I get an hour.

R. A. E.—Perhaps you think the change greater than it really is. You are still an idealist, impressionable, self-assertive, perceptive, rather discreet, and never likely to commit yourself to any foolish course. It isn't a mature hand.

EQUESTA.—It was impossible for me to send your answer by mail; I never do, unless a stamped and addressed envelope is sent. To be candid, your question was not one I cared to answer. The statement is false, and you should not have enquired about it.

METEO.—If two dinner invitations come by the same mail for the same evening, accept whichever you prefer and not whichever you first open. That's drawing things much too fine. It would be quite impossible to write and say you found yourself unable to accept after having accepted, and afterwards dine out anywhere else. You'd deserve to get caught and to catch it.

IRENE.—You are a tenacious and very honest person, bright and appreciative; neat and fond of the elegancies of life. You should love art and music and be somewhat imaginative. I think you depend a good deal for happiness on material things, and are influenced over much by surroundings. Care for details and a little impatience are shown, some pride and considerable self-assertion. It is a fine study.

THEBIA SELLEN.—You should get on in life. You have ambition, and when your purpose is finally set and you learn to husband your strength you will be a success. There are splendid traits in your study. You are careful, thoughtful and good-natured, and have an aptitude for business. Sometimes you are cautious to mistrust, and at other times confiding. You should admire the beautiful and be easily impressed by music or fine scenery.

NAMION.—This writing is very crude. All sorts of queer suggestions and erratic impulses are in it. The writer's mind is not yet settled, and I fancy his aim in life is not at all decided. Sympathy and tact are shown. Writer would be sure to make friends. His ambition is soaring, but purpose wavering. Temper is sweet and social instinct strong. Impressionability is shown, but no romance. The character promises to develop very finely.

ARISTIDES THE JUST.—This is a very bright study; the writing narrowly escapes being a crank, but is only a bit touchy on certain subjects. Highly sensitive and generally correct perception, a neat, methodical and amenable way of taking life's duties, some ambition, sympathetic feeling, hints of talent and originality, a very decisive opinion upon vital subjects, and a considerable amount of culture are evident. Writer has a penchant for society, preferably of the opposite sex, and is rather addicted to laying down the law.

THE DUCHESS.—And so you want dark eyelashes? Well, if your grace will spend a cool hundred or so, I fancy you might have short hairs sewn in. I heard a wildly improbable tale of a woman who had her eyelashes burnt off and they never grew again, but she had new ones stuck through by a surgeon. I didn't believe it quite. I never wholly doubt anything. 2. Your writing is impressionable, self-satisfied and superior. You are somewhat conservative and very fond of ease; a trifle too easily discouraged; apt to idealize common clay and be unduly self-assertive. I am sure you need a good deal of room in the world. It is far from a commonplace study.

DINNY.—Oh, you're a delightful boy, surely, and I enjoyed every bit of your letter, with all its curious twists and curlykews. If the little girl knows how to take you she's a clever damelet, and I hope the home will soon be ready for her, and that you'll send me a big slice of the cake. Never mind my name, dear boy; I'm a really person who adores wedding cake; I'll give Lady Gay half. So nice of you to say those pleasant things of SATURDAY NIGHT. 2. Your writing shows originality, caution, erratic impulses, a good deal of energy and decided ability. You'll get on, though perhaps more slowly than you like. Success comes sometimes by devious paths. You are sensible and matter-of-fact, and you like the old ways best; most of your inmost ideas are of the old school. You are certainly quite strong-minded and energetic enough to possess the treasure. Long may you proudly wear it.

Then and Now.
Chicago Record.
"With you," he cried, "to cheer me on, I'll brush all obstacles away.
And scale the heights whereon I fame,
And all the world shall praise thy name
And envy you, some day."
Ah, that was many a year ago!
He hasn't scaled the height.
But if—oh, heaven!—if he were
Not sorely handicapped by her,
He often thinks he might.

A Golf Note.
Life.
Miss Hoolihan with her caddie was seen on the links.



City man.—This must be a very healthy place, judging from the number of old people I have seen here! Native—Healthy? It's so blamed healthy that I guess a good many of 'em will have to be shot on the judgment day.—Puck.

"It looks like rain to-day," said the affable milkman, as he dumped the regular quart into the pail. "It always does," said the woman, and the milkman drove off wondering why some people take such gloomy views of everything.—Detroit Free Press.

"No, sir," said the Kansas editor, "your services are no longer required." "May I venture to ask why I'm discharged?" "You're too blamed funny. That style may do in the blouse and heartless East, but when you refer to a death in a cyclone as 'a terrible blow' to the family, you overdo it out here."—Detroit News.

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The Tragedy of Brady's Falls.

THE gorge below Brady's Falls is not a pleasant spot to look upon if you are given to nerves. The volume is greater below the Niagara cataract, but in the intricacies of cross-currents, suction, undertows, eddies, and all that goes to make a watery inferno, nothing on the continent can quite equal the tumbling torrent at Brady's. It takes its name from the first white man known to have perished there, but if the name of each successive victim had been added the list would look like a township directory.

In the interests of the lumbermen, who in days past floated large quantities of timber down this river, the Government, to "improve navigation," constructed a dam a few yards back from the falls, with a sluiceway or slide extending from the dam and sloping gradually out over and below the falls to within a few feet of the lower level.

This sluiceway is for the purpose of allowing the logs a smooth passage without the somersault that accompanied their transit while the falls were in a state of nature.

To raise the level of Loon Lake and river, when the water farther north was held back by a "jam," there were several square pieces of timber provided, that could be lowered by a windlass at each end and built up one above the other at the head of the sluiceway, and

boys. Drownings we had heard of as occurring on this river before, and we had some sort of vague idea that death by violence involved some sort of formal enquiry, and we had a suspicion that we might be entrapped by some terrorizing legal process.

But after talking it over we determined to fasten the body so as to ensure it from working loose or drifting farther down, and then return to the village and report the find.

Again we moved up-stream past the see-sawing "horror" and headed for a little cove on the left bank, intending to cut a sapling with a hooked limb with which to tow the body ashore, for neither of us would touch it. As we rounded a small point before entering the cove we observed a man standing on the shore in front of a rude brush camp. Beside him lay an oblong box of rough boards, and on the beach in front was a dug-out canoe. The sight of this man was a great relief, as it would take from our young shoulders a responsibility that felt very heavy. As we approached the shore the man hobbled down to meet us, and we noticed that he was quite lame, as if from a recent accident. He was in figure large and powerful, and dressed in the picturesque garb so much affected by old-timers on the river.

"Hello, boys, where ye bound fer?" he said. Without answering the question we at once told him of what we had seen lodged against the drift-log. At the news his face betokened a sense of relief, but he only said, "At last," and without another word he stepped painfully into the dug-out and, with a motion for us to follow, headed for the bridge. The body was as we had left it, still churning up and down.

After taking a careful survey of the position, the stranger took a pike-pole and, catching it in the sash, asked us to make fast to his canoe and paddle back to camp. In this manner we towed into shallow water and secured the body to the shore.

Leaving our canoe and following the stranger up to his camp, we discovered that the box seen from the river was a roughly-made coffin, evidently prepared in readiness for the event.

This, with our help, the stranger brought down to the water, and we floated it out a little way, where, tilting it partly over, the body slid inside, face upward, when the coffin was drawn ashore.

About thirty yards back from the water was a spot partly cleared of underbrush, but shaded by the outstretching arms of a gigantic oak. Here was a newly made grave. It took our combined strength to move the coffin to this spot.

During the time occupied in these various movements the stranger scarcely spoke, but just indicated his wishes for the slight help we rendered by a word or motion. But now when all was prepared he turned towards us and said: "Boys, you have been very kind in helpin' a poor, good-for-nothin' log-roller to do his plain duty. You have shown that you have sense and sympathy by keepin' your heds shet and not askin' questions, but jest pitchin' in and doin' what you could."

"Now, boys, the man that lies in that there box before us, which his name is Tom Higgins, was tail-boss on the drive that went down river two weeks ago to-day. He was my friend, and no better man ever lifted a pike-pole between Rackety Creek and Redstone. He knowed every mile of water from Devil's Lake to Trenton as well as a hungry man knows the road to his mouth."

"Well, three weeks ago one block was layin' at the head of Kenices lake, held there by a head wind which had been blowin' steadily for two days and nights. Loon Lake was runnin'

so hookin' fast the windlass-chain I heaved away at each end in turn, until the first log lay at the edge of the opening ready to drop. Now, I could not handle both windlasses at once to lower her in the proper way, but I believed that she would fall level without lowerin' gradually, so castin' loose the hooks I gave her a cant. There was about two feet of water goin' through, and it slipped over smooth as ile for a few yards and then broke into curious wrinkles below, until it struck the lower end, where it heaved up in a boil ten feet high before it rushed into that devil's delight of a gorge and circled back in the whirlpool. As I looked down to see that everything was clear, the roar and rush was enough to make my head swim, but gettin' fairly in the center of the log I let her drop. Down she plumped fair across the current. One more would almost block the water, and the rest would be easy."

"I got the next log ready in the same way, but instead of droppin' level it went with a slant, one end down and the other stickin' up about two feet. Here was a fix. After considerin' a few minutes I took my pike-lever, and hangin' with one arm to the platform lowered myself down until one foot rested on the log under water and the other on the log that had jammed. I now cautiously let go from above and, leanin' over sideways, thrust the end of my lever under the log, intendin' to pry it up far enough to drop level, and thought I could pull myself clear in time. But as soon as my lever touched it, down it came with a crash across my foot. With the sudden pain and jar I fell backward into the water, but writhin' my body around succeeded in throwin' one arm over the log so as to keep my head just above water. Here I was, held as fast as a bear in a deadfall. I tried in vain to wrench loose my foot, but 'twas no use. Meantime the water was shootin' through the space between the logs, as my foot held them apart, in a thin sheet."

"Findin' that my efforts to pull loose were useless, I stopped tryin' and began wonderin' if I could holler loud enough to arouse Tom. The tortur' of the strained position and pain of my foot was becomin' each minute harder to bear, and I hollered loud and long. But it was no use."

"I must have been stuck there nigh an hour, and I guess a couple of minutes more would have finished me, when lookin' towards shore for the last time I see Tom step out of the bushes rubbin' his eyes. The sight gave me new strength and once more I yelled. Tom must have heard me, for glancin' quickly across he sized matters up in an instant. With a rush he plunged in and swam like a spaniel, but a great sight faster, right out to the sluiceway. He must have been thinkin' out what to do as he swam, for he made straight for the canoe, and climbin' in he grabbed an axe and piece of snubbin' line that were in it, at the same time shoutin' cheery words to hearten me up. He then sprang from the canoe to the platform and made fast one end of the line and threw the other end towards me, but I had not strength to grab it. Next he sprang down on the stop log, his spiked boots holdin' him from washin' over, and makin' his way quickly across bound the danglin' end of line fast around my body under the arms to hold me from shootin' down the sluice when the stop-log was moved."

"Then he skipped back to the canoe for his pike-lever and sprang with it and the axe on the crib at the side of the sluice."

"No one man could lift that stop-log jammed as it was and held by such a force of water, and when I sized this up I was just going to shout 'good-bye' and let myself sink under, when by Tom's actions I understood what he meant to do. The logs were held fast on the lower side by a post or stanchion, and he was now preparin' to risk his footin' on the slippery sluice, with the water rushin' agin him, while he chopped off the stanchion. Of course when



I gave a sweeping stroke of my paddle.

this effectively dam the outlet until the water in Loon Lake came up high enough to overflow it. The raising and lowering of these stop-logs was left to the free will of the foreman of the different "drives" passing downward, as the level of the lake might require. The usual method was to employ two men, one at each windlass, so that the log might descend horizontally and not "bind" in the slots at each side. All this explanation is necessary to what comes later.

Boys living on the verge of the lumbering districts of Ontario twenty years ago, when they were (on rare occasions) not at work, had privileges not usually accorded to the youth of the present day. What we regard as being fraught with danger at forty we freely participated in at fifteen.

One of these privileges of which we took advantage to the full was to make excursions over the numerous lakes and rivers of the district, up-stream or down, sometimes fishing, sometimes after berries, many times nothing but adventure.

In quest of the latter, I one morning started out in company with a boy of my own age, called "Alex," who appeared to be at all times enjoy the liberty of a Huckleberry Finn, to roam as he pleased without question.

We had a rickety birch bark canoe, patched and gummed so often that the outer surface was corrugated like a washboard. In rough water she would sag or bulge like a basket, but could usually be depended upon to stay right side up.

We started up-stream without any particular objective point in view, only to get away and loaf along the river as long as we felt like it. About one-half mile below the falls there was a bridge spanning the gorge with one pier in the middle of the stream to support the structure. As we approached this bridge we kept directly behind the pier to get the advantage of slack water, and observed that a cedar log had lodged against its "nose," fairly balanced in the center, but slowly plunging each end down and up in turn, with the force of the current.

As we drew near I gave a sweeping stroke of my paddle to bring the canoe around the end, and just then Alex—who was in the bow—uttered a yell of terror and nearly jumped overboard. At the same moment I caught a glimpse of a horribly distorted human face and one outstretched arm rise from the water with the log, and vanish again as it dipped in the stream. We both sat paralyzed for a moment, while the canoe settled backward. Again the face and arm bobbed up, and again vanished. At each downward plunge the long, straggling hair would spread out for a moment on the surface before disappearing, and plaster down tighter over the purple face as it emerged again.

Now the effect of such a peculiar movement by a corpse that had evidently been in the water some days, was to produce in both of us some new sensations. An artist in word-painting could have had free scope for lurid language and might have worked up the "gruesome object" from every standpoint, but my only remark was, "Alex, let's git." But second thought steadied our nerves, and we had not drifted far when, taking a wide sweep so as not to disturb the log or its burden, we passed above and then let the canoe drift down until we could clearly make out the bloated outline beneath the surface. It was that of a man dressed in the ordinary garb of a river-driver; high top-boots with spiked soles, flannel shirt, stiff trousers girdled by a gaudy woolen sash, a dangling end of which had caught on a projecting knot and held the body securely while it accompanied the churning motion of the log in the current.

Here was a dilemma for two light-headed

low while we were idlin', so one mornin' the foreman told Tom and me to take this canoe and paddle down here to lower the stop-logs so as to have plenty of head when we came to run through.

"Now Tom had been feelin' a touch of ager for a week or two, but had been too gritty to give up and dope himself with quinine. This day as we sloped along down the lake he felt the creepy feelin' comin' on him, and I could see his lips turnin' blue, but he kept on, not likin' to give up his paddle and leave me to do all the pullin', until we came almost to the falls, by which time he was shakin' enough to loosen his toe-nails. I then made him stretch down along the bottom and headed for shore just above the dam on the east bank."

"Here there was a grassy spot back among the bushes, and I rolled up my coat for a pillow and made Tom lay down, tellin' him there was no hurry about the stop-logs for an hour or two, by which time he would be better. After layin' there a while the fever came; he was hot as a coal of fire and had fallen into an uneasy sleep, moanin' and talkin' to himself as the fever mounted towards his head. Now, thinks I, he's not let Tom bother about them stop-logs, for I believe I can handle them alone; he's good to sleep for two hours, by which time they'll be properly dropped in place and everythin' ready to pull back to the drive."

"After takin' another look to make sure that Tom was sound, I paddled over to the east crib of the sluiceway. On the platform stretchin' across lay the stop-logs all ready for droppin'

this gave way the logs and whole force of water would go with a rush that no man could resist. How, then, could he hope to save himself? As he stood on the sluice, each blow that would bring his salvation nearer would surely hurry his own death. I shrieked out to Tom not to do it, but he only shook his head and shouted, 'Hang on, Jack; I'm all right.'

"I don't believe he had any hope of bein' able to spring clear, but to give me an idea that he thought there was a chance, he drove the iron of his pike-lever deep into the floor of the sluice and motioned to me that he meant to support himself by it and jump in time. Now, all this has taken a long time in tellin', but I don't suppose it took two minutes, for Tom's movements were swift and sure. To me it seemed long enough, and I was strainin' and straglin' in a last struggle as Tom delivered the first blow, and I could feel everythin' tremble with the force."

"At the second blow he shouted out a hearty word of encouragement, but that was his last, for, with a snap and deafenin' roar, away went the stop-logs, and Tom, poisin' himself for the jump, was struck by the logs and swept like a flash downstream, disappearin' in the boil below."

"Meantime I was left danglin' by the rope, with not enough breath to utter a cry of horror. I swung for a few moments, but relieved of the stranglin' sensation I soon climbed up to the platform."

"That's how Tom died. He did it to save me, and that's why I've stayed here ever since,



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huntin' and huntin' fer poor old Tom."

The man was silent for quite a while, but we said nothing.

"We men of the river ain't much on religion," he said at last, and very slowly, "but durin' those quiet days and nights waitin' fer Tom I've tried to get acquainted with the Almighty, and last night I told Him, fair and open, what a miserable, low-down bein' I was and that He would not be expected to listen to me at all on my own account, but bein' a friend of Tom's, and no one else to speak for him, I made bold to ask that Tom's body might come up, and it's come."

With a sign he asked us to help put the coffin in the grave. Then we stood with uncovered heads for a few minutes before filling in the earth.
E. B. L.
Toronto, Dec., '97.

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Mrs. Oldboy—I remember the first fish I ever caught. Miss Pert—What was it—an ichthyosaurus?—*Harlem Life.*

When a woman says her acquaintance's new bonnet is "just horrid," the chances are that she will have one exactly like it in the course of a week or so.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Hopkins has quit telling funny stories." "Any special reason?" "Yes. He says whenever he tells one he has to listen to several poorer ones from the other man."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Women are naturally incredulous," remarked the whist player. "That's contrary to the common impression." "I don't care; it's true. You never can make one believe you're the first time you tell her what are trumps."—*Washington Star.*

"What in the world's the matter, ma?" asked Arabella, as her mother turned from the telephone and asked for her bonnet and wraps. "I'm going right down-town," said Mrs. High-

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rocks, and there was a cold glitter in her eyes as she spoke. "I just tried to call your father up, and I heard him tell the boy to say he wasn't in."—*Cleveland Leader.*

Music.

A large and thoroughly representative audience greeted the celebrated Danish pianist, August Hyllested, on the occasion of his first Toronto appearance at the recital given in Association Hall on Wednesday evening of last week. The programme included Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques, op. 13; three Songs Without Words, Mendelssohn; a group of compositions from the performer's Suite in Old Style, op. 21; Weber's Invitation to the Waltz, Gounod's Garden Scene from Faust, and Chopin's D flat Valse, arranged by the soloist; Liszt's Rhapsodie, No. 2, and several works not mentioned in the programme, the performance of which at the beginning of the recital, without any explanation to the audience, served to hopelessly muddle many until familiar numbers were reached. In the arrangement (or, as many would be pleased to term it, the "derangement") of Bach's dramatic organ Toccata, and Fugue in D minor, with which the recital was begun, Mr. Hyllested's marvelous technical attainments and originality of style were immediately demonstrated. Indeed, throughout the entire programme his virtuosity and the somewhat unique, and at times fantastic, character of his interpretations were predominant features of his playing. As a composer he shone to excellent advantage in the works chosen from his pen. His arrangements of the three compositions mentioned above, however, struck the popular vein among his hearers and commanded the admiration of even the more conservative of the musically educated present, although some may not have approved of the wholesale mutilations and "improvements" of works which many are content to regard as quite adequate as left by their composers in their original form. Mention should be made specially of the daring treatment of the second strain of the Chopin Valse, in which the first strain was made to serve as a free accompanying figure to the second, the two strains moving concurrently. This exceedingly clever and somewhat audacious conception was one of the most striking feats of the recital. It would be a difficult matter to properly classify Mr. Hyllested. Although not by any means one of the greatest of living pianists, there can be no denial of the fact that he is one of the most interesting and picturesque in his style of a pianist who has ever appeared in Toronto. The Heintzman & Co. concert grand piano used on this occasion fully answered all the demands made upon it by the soloist, who expressed himself as having been much pleased with the instrument.

The numerous Thanksgiving evening concerts which materialized this season were fully up to the standard of previous years. A detailed notice of each would occupy more space than I have at my disposal this week. It will suffice to point out the names of the performers, all of whom are well known in this city. At the excellent concert given under the direction of Mr. T. C. Jeffers at the Central Methodist church, the fine choir of the church was ably assisted by Miss Dunlop of Hamilton, contralto, Herr Rudolf Ruth, cellist, and Miss Agnes Knox, elocutionist. At Elm street Methodist church a large audience listened to an attractive programme given by the choir, assisted by Mr. Paul Hahn, 'cellist, Mr. Harold Jarvis, tenor, and Miss Jessie Alexander, elocutionist. The I. O. O. F. concert held in the Pavilion was also very successful. Mrs. Mima Lund-Reburn, contralto; Miss Ethel Shafer, elocutionist; Miss Lillie Kleiser, soprano; Mr. F. X. Mercier, tenor; Mr. Charles E. Musgrove, pianist; Mr. Bert Harvey, comic vocalist, provided a musical treat which was most heartily appreciated by the large audience present. At Massey Hall fully three thousand people attended and were entertained to a high pitch. The performers were Mr. Bengough, Mrs. Caldwell, Miss McCallum, and the band of the 48th Highlanders.

One of those artistic events which are but too seldom carried out in Toronto was the recital given in the Guild Hall on Monday evening last by Miss Kate Archer, the gifted young violinist, assisted by Miss Hillary, vocalist; Miss Ada E. S. Hart, pianist; Herr Rudolf Ruth, 'cellist, and Miss Mockridge, accompanist. Miss Archer has won deserved recognition as a violinist of unusual attainments, combining with a brilliant technique a naturally refined musical taste and an intelligent conception of the higher order of musical composition. Miss Hart played with her usual breadth of style, and with admirable regard for phrasing and the finer points of interpretation. Miss Hillary's songs were sung with excellent effect and formed a very enjoyable feature of the recital. The 'cello solos contributed by Herr Ruth were among the artistic successes of the evening. A special word of praise is due Miss Hart, Miss Archer and Herr Ruth for their finished ensemble in the trio in which they took part. The accompaniments were well played by Miss Mockridge.

Miss Edith J. Miller, the popular contralto, will return to Toronto toward the end of December, after several months' absence, during which she enjoyed a much needed rest at her home in Portage la Prairie, Manitoba. During September and October she made an extended tour of Manitoba and the North-West to the Rockies, meeting with the most pronounced success, ending with a high-class concert in the new Winnipeg Opera House. While in Winnipeg, Miss Miller was the guest of Lieut. Governor Patterson and was the recipient of numerous social honors. She is at present in New York, undergoing a six weeks' term of study under one of the best teachers, and intends returning to Toronto about Christmas and spending the balance of the season in filling Ontario engagements. She will again be one of the soloists of the choir of the Bloor street Presbyterian church, and will no doubt be frequently heard on the concert platform. Mr. Frank Yeigh will act as Miss Miller's manager.

The concert of the University Ladies' Glee Club on December 9th will be under the distinguished patronage of Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Countess of Aberdeen. This, combined with the talent engaged to assist the Club, will doubtless make the concert one of great interest and success socially as well

as musically. Miss Augusta Beverley Robinson and Mr. Harold Jarvis are both too well known to the musical public of Toronto to need any comment here. Under Mr. Wm. F. Robinson as conductor the rehearsals of the Club are progressing most favorably, and the musical work done by the chorus should be quite up to the mark of that of a first-class organization of this nature. Their rendering of Denza's Nocturne, Silent Above the Hills, promises to be especially effective, while Hark to the Voices, in which Mr. Jarvis will sing a tenor solo, will be a novel number in the interesting and varied programme which the Club is to present.

On Tuesday evening of last week the Toronto Male Chorus Club had the pleasure of a visit from their former conductor, Mr. Walter H. Robinson, who had been summoned from New York owing to his mother's illness. Mr. Robinson was enthusiastically received, and complimented the conductor, Mr. McNally, and the Club on the excellent state of the work and beauty of the selections now in course of preparation for their next concert, which will probably be held early in February. Mr. Robinson sang for the Club and conducted one of last year's numbers, which was rendered in good style from memory and without accompaniment. Weekly rehearsals are now being held in the handsome new hall of the Conservatory of Music, and the Club is in a flourishing condition.

The sacred recital given in Erskine church on Monday evening last attracted a very large audience. Mr. Hewitt, the organist and choir-master of the church, had arranged a programme of much merit and attractiveness, which was listened to with keen interest by those present. The choir sang with marked fidelity to expression and with a good, well balanced tone, reflecting much credit upon their able conductor. Solos were artistically sung by Mrs. Scripps-Ellis of Detroit, soprano; Miss Lola Roman, the talented young contralto, and Mr. Harold Jarvis, the popular tenor. An appropriate address was delivered during the evening by Rev. Alex. MacMillan of St. Enoch's church.

The sacred concert and organ recital given in Jarvis street Baptist church on Tuesday evening last attracted an immense audience of local music-lovers, the large edifice being literally packed, large numbers being turned away long before the time advertised for the concert to begin. The choir was assisted by Herr Rudolf Ruth, 'cellist; Miss Jessie Perry and Miss Florence Brown, solo organists; Mr. J. H. Wilson, bass, Mr. R. G. Kirby, baritone, all of whom acquitted themselves most creditably. The various numbers were enthusiastically received, and the programme was conceded to be one of the most attractive ever given in the church. The next recital will take place in January.

A grand benefit concert is to be given on Monday evening next, December 6, at eight o'clock, in Holy Trinity school-house, in aid of the Saltcoats' Hospital. This is an urgent appeal, and the following well known artists have very kindly promised to assist: Mrs. Alton H. Garratt, contralto; Prof. LeBarge, mandolin; Mr. Howard Stutchbury, baritone; Miss Budd Harrison, violin; Mr. Fred. J. Perrin, comic; Miss Gertrude Kenny (aged 11), piano; Miss M. Fidler, accompanist. The admission fee has been placed very low, so all may come and help to contribute towards what may prove a delightful Christmas gift for the sick and needy.

An unusually attractive programme has been arranged for the sacred concert to be given by the choir of Sherbourne street Methodist church next Thursday evening. Handel's Nightingale Chorus will be given with two flutes obligato; a selection from Gounod's St. Cecilia Mass, with harp and violin accompaniment, and other choruses, the soloists being Miss Lillie Kleiser, Miss Lola Roman, Mr. W. E. Rundle, Mr. Percy Parker, and other members of the choir. A solo will also be given by the boys. Mr. Blakeley's organ selections will include The Storm and other favorite numbers. A silver collection will be taken at the door.

Miss Hortense Hibbard, of New York, who will be remembered by many in Toronto as one of Mr. H. M. Field's most gifted pupils, is giving an important series of trio concerts in the metropolis this season. She is being assisted by Gustav Dannreuther, violin; Mr. Anton Hegner, 'cello, and Miss Adeline Hibbard, soprano. Among the works she is playing are the following:—Mendelssohn, op. 19; Godard, op. 32; Schubert, op. 100; Arensky, op. 32; Rheinberger, op. 112; Chaminade, op. 11; Rubinstein, op. 52, and Ducky-Ivovak. Several of these works were studied by Miss Hibbard under Mr. Field's direction.

Mrs. Crowley, the well known soprano, is having a busy season. Her recent successes in Montreal and in towns of this province have drawn attention to this clever singer, who as a graduate of Mr. Haslam's created a most favorable impression on Toronto audiences in several recitals given under his direction last season. Mrs. Crowley has recently sung in Bradford and Niagara Falls, and appears at Martin Cleworth's dramatic recitals on the 10th and 11th inst., the Forester's concert on the 20th, and the Citizens' Band in Perth on the 30th, besides several other engagements in this city and vicinity.

On Thursday evening of next week a service of sacred song will be held in Cooke's church. The choir of the church, assisted by Miss Constance Hodgert, soprano; Miss Emily Wightman, contralto; Miss Jessie Perry, solo organist; Mr. W. J. A. Carnahan, baritone, and the Sherlock Male Quartette, will be heard in a well chosen programme. Miss May Hamilton, organist of the church, will play the accompaniments and contribute an organ solo. The service will be under the direction of Mr. A. T. Cringan, choir-master. A collection will be received on entering.

The reorganization of the Trinity Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Club is a most welcome fact to the many friends of the college. The Club is to be congratulated in its happy choice of Mr. J. A. Le Barge as instructor. This gentleman has won for himself the greatest favor at the college, as well as at the other institutions which have been fortunate enough

to secure his services. The officers chosen to act for the Club are as follows: President, Mr. Sparling, M.A.; secretary-treasurer, Mr. McCausland; committee, Messrs. Macdougall and Fee.

A Toronto choir-master, who was present on the occasion, has forwarded me details of a very successful concert recently given in the Wall street Methodist church, Brockville, under the direction of the choir-master of the church, Mr. W. S. Jones, a former Torontonian. The programme included Weber's Jubilee Cantata, Gounod's O Day of Penitence, and other standard choral works, besides organ and vocal solos. The manner in which the choir and soloists acquitted themselves is highly commented upon by my correspondent, who makes the statement that Mr. Jones's choir work in Brockville is above the average of our city choirs and decidedly superior to what is usually heard in the smaller centers.

The excellent choir of Carlton street Methodist church, Mr. J. H. Wilson choir-master, have arranged an interesting series of Sunday evening musical services, at each of which the music chosen will be exclusively from the works of some one standard composer. Next Sunday evening Gounod's compositions will form the musical part of the service. On the following Sunday Rossini's works will be chosen from. The programme last Sunday evening was made up of some of Harry Rowe Shelly's best works.

Mr. Frank Welsman, the talented solo pianist and teacher at the Toronto College of Music, plays at the recital of the Hamilton Ladies' Morning Musical Club on December 8. Mr. Welsman has also been engaged to play at a concert in Brantford on December 9. Mr. Welsman's merit as a pianist is being recognized outside as well as in Toronto.

Sig. Dinelli's playing of the Liszt Rhapsodie at the concert given in connection with the opening of the new Conservatory of Music buildings, was one of the most artistic numbers on the programme. The warm applause which greeted his efforts was a well deserved recognition of his ability, technically and musically, as a solo pianist.

Mr. Joseph Hugill, violin-maker, 445 Yonge street, is offering special bargains in violins for the holiday season. Violins will be sold at one-third below the usual selling price. This inducement should lead many to examine Mr. Hugill's large stock before making their Christmas purchases.

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Maker and Repairer of
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Social and Personal.

Mrs. Alfred Beardmore and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Fiske of Montreal, sail to-day for a winter in the Isle of Wight. Best wishes for much benefit to their health from the change go with them from hosts of friends.

Mrs. Hugh Macdonald holds an afternoon reception this afternoon from five to seven o'clock.

Mrs. James Y. Cameron of 407 Church street has returned to the city after an extended visit in Montreal and the States, and will be at Home on Wednesday afternoons.

Miss Amy Howitt is at home again after a charming visit in Guelph with her aunt, Mrs. Charlie Howitt of Homewood.

Mrs. Irving Cameron, Mrs. Mortimer Clarke, Mrs. Falconbridge, Lady Gzowski, Mrs. A. S. Hardy, Lady Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Lady Meredith, Mrs. Montzambert, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Mrs. Ramsay Wright are the lady patronesses of the concert to be given on December 14 by the University Glee Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Club, Miss Marguerite Hall of New York and Miss Bessie Bonsall, under the patronage of Lord and Lady Aberdeen.

Mr. J. F. Gibson of Watford spent Thanksgiving with his mother, Mrs. E. W. Gibson of Rose avenue.

On Thanksgiving evening Lieut.-Col. Delamere and the officers of the Queen's Own were at Home in the Armories, and were honored by the attendance of Their Excellencies. Lord Aberdeen presented the regimental prizes, and Lady Aberdeen, accompanied by Mrs. Delamere, walked about and was much interested in the whole affair. Supper was afterwards served in the regimental mess-rooms in dainty style.

A quiet and pretty wedding took place at Ottawa on Wednesday. The bride was Miss Agnes Tilley, third daughter of the late Mr. W. J. Tilley, Department of Railways and Canals, and sister of Mrs. Frank H. Mason of Toronto. The groom was Mr. E. J. Smith of the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and the valued secretary of the Cricket Club. Both are well known in Ottawa society, and the event has been anticipated for some time there. The bridal pair arrived by the C. P. R. and registered at the Queen's, and on Thursday left on the G. T. R., going via Niagara Falls to New York city and the Middle States.

Mrs. Thomas Long has sent out cards for a dance at Woodlawn on the evening of December 15. A dance is on the tapis to be given by the High Park Golf Club in the immediate future. Mrs. Monahan has sent out cards for an afternoon tea on next Monday at her residence, 183 Broadbalt street. Mrs. John A. Paterson gives a tea on Tuesday, December 7, at her residence, 23 Walmer road.

Mrs. W. H. Thorne and daughter, Mrs. Burns, spent Thanksgiving week with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles E. Thorne, at Newcastle, Ont.

Captain Arthur M. Jarvis, N.W.M.P., brother of the famous tenor, has been appointed a stipendiary magistrate for the county of Kootenay, British Columbia. News from Montreal of Mrs. Willie Hope gives a good account of her and her little son, after some anxiety on her behalf.

The Misses Thompson of Derwent Lodge gave a tea to a nice party of girl friends, to meet Miss McLaren, on Wednesday.

Mrs. and Miss Muntzinger of New York are in town for the winter, and have taken rooms at the Rossin House.

The Misses Shanly of Wilcox street give a tea this afternoon.

Sir Oliver Mowat's A.D.C. is Captain Herbert Mowat.

To Those Whose Dress Misfits the Occasion.

For afternoon dress, as all who are well informed on dress know, the double-breasted frock suit is the only legitimate and logical one, no matter the occasion, and there are some gentlemen who know better, whom, though they make pretensions to fastidiousness and correctness in attire, ignore the eternal fitness of things, and for reasons perhaps best known to themselves, wear clothes which are entirely unsuitable to the occasion, and thus violate the laws of good taste—to the true sartorial sense of fitness the incongruous in attire is an evidence of vulgarity, and by those who have that sense is as carefully avoided as any other evidence of vulgarity. The point in what is said here is to get gentlemen into carefully studying what is the really correct in dress for society occasions particularly and to say that Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin block, has Dominion fame in designing, making and advising on what's just right in gentlemen's dressy garments.

The Charge at Dargai.
Pick Me Up.
He did not show his oratoric skill.
He never seized a flag and wildly shook it—
He said—"The Highlanders will take the hill."
They took it.

A Waterproof Shoe.
Attention is directed to the advertisement on page 3 of this issue to an improvement of a particularly valuable description that has recently been effected in footwear, and is now to be seen at the Royal Shoe Store, 88 Yonge street. That the rubber is a nuisance is voted by men generally, and last winter they discarded it to a remarkable extent. The problem of finding a satisfactory substitute offered great difficulties, as hitherto leather, when treated so as to make it waterproof, has developed the defect of becoming very hard, stiff and inflexible if allowed to stand long; in addition, the strength of the thread was impaired, so that the shoe was apt to rip. The new process consists of extending the upper around the welt to the edge of the sole. This, in connection with sheet rubber and cork bottom filling, makes a complete joint, which cannot be secured in any other way. A shoe thus made is more nearly watertight than can be made by any other process. In addition to these new shoes, the Royal is carrying a large stock of ladies and gentlemen's shoes of American make. The premises are central and convenient, and the store has built up a large and steadily increasing business.

BOVRIL

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COLD WEATHER

NORDHEIMER PIANOS

New Scales
Acoustic Rims
Cupola Metal Frames
Elliptical Sounding Boards &c.

New Illustrated Catalogue will be ready in ten days. Mailed on application.

A. & S. NORDHEIMER, 15 King St. E.



Our Boys Suits
are made of fabrics that will resist the "wear them out quick" abilities of strong, lusty boys.
Suits like this illustration,
\$2.50 to \$7.50
Oak Hall Clothiers
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Opp. the Cathedral

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ASSISTED BY
HAROLD JARVIS and Miss BEVERLEY ROBINSON
Association Hall, Thursday, Dec. 9
Under the distinguished patronage of Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen.
Tickets 50c. and 25c.
WM. F. ROBINSON, Musical Director.
Plan at Gourlay Winter & Leeming's, Monday, December 6.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

GLEE, BANJO, GUITAR and MANDOLIN CLUB Concert
Massey Music Hall, December 14th, 1897

ASSISTED BY
Miss MARGUERITE HALL
OF NEW YORK, AND
Miss BESSIE BONSALE

Subscribers' lists at Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's, Nordheimer's, Whaley, Royce's, and Ashdown's.
Prices, \$1.00, 75c., 50c. and 25c.

GRAND BENEFIT CONCERT

Holy Trinity Schoolhouse, MONDAY, at 8 p.m.
DECEMBER 6, in aid of Saltcoats Hospital, N.W.T.
Artists: Mrs. Garratt, Prof. Le Borge, Miss Snyder, Mr. Stutchbury, Miss Harrison, Mr. Perrin and Miss Kenny. Admission 15 cents.

Central Ontario School of Art & Industrial Design

165 King Street West
The second term will commence on Monday, December 1. Painting and Life Classes will be held in morning 9.30 to 12.30 and afternoon 2 to 5.
GEO. C. DOWNES, Secy.

MISS M. LAURENT


168 Mutual Street
Would call attention to her **Tailor-Made Suits**, also **Evening and Wedding Costumes**. A perfect fit guaranteed, at moderate rates. A card addressed as above will have immediate attention.

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EVENING DRESSES
From all the latest designs. **Empire Cloaks and Fur-Lined Circulars.**
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Classes—Drawing, Water Colors and Oils.
Studio—46 Cecil Street



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PROF. DAVIS
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KINDLY REMEMBER
BEGIN NOW. CALENDAR FREE.
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IN OIL AND WATER COLORS
By BRITISH ARTISTS

Messrs. Roberts & Son are pleased to announce the annual sale of Oil and Water Color Paintings by well known English artists, to be held at our
Art Gallery, No. 79 King Street West
Monday and Tuesday Afternoons
Dec. 6 and 7, at 2.30 o'clock each day.

This collection of pictures are the work and property of the artists represented, among which are many pictures that have been exhibited at the Royal Academy and other Art Galleries of England. The entire collection will be exhibited at our gallery on Friday and Saturday, December 3rd and 4th and we extend a cordial invitation to all admirers to call and view these fine works of art. The following artists are represented:

John Aborn, S.W.A.S. A. W. Ayling, R.C.M.A.
C. B. Branwhite, R.B.A. J. T. Dunning, L.A.C.
Walter Field, A.R.W.S. Peter Ghent, R.C.M.A.
Jas. E. Grace, R.B.A. Claude Hayes, L.P.O., R.L.
Edwin Hayes, R.B.A., L.P.O., R.L.
Thomas Hudson, R.L. G. S. Knowles, R.L., R.B.A.
J. Knowles (Miss). M. P. Lindner.
Jas. Macculloch, R.B.A. J. M. Macintosh, R.B.A.
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Ernest Parton, L.P.O. O. Rickatson, R.B.A.
Trythall Rowe, R.B.A. Charles Stuart.
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ARE THE MOST SUITABLE

Christmas Presents

and now is the time to buy or to order them. We can furnish you with the best at low figures.

Seal Jackets, from \$130 up to \$225.
Persian Lamb Jackets, from \$80 up to \$130.
Electric Seal Jackets, 25 inches long, \$40.
Capotes and Capelines, in all furs and combinations, from \$5 up to \$75.
Neck Ruffs and Collarettes, from \$2 up to \$60.

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Ornamental china in delicately hand carved pieces—Urn Vases, five o'clock Tea Sets, Sugars, Creams, Bon-Bon Boxes and numerous other fancy and useful pieces, and just the most lovely lines from which to select Holiday gifts.

China Hall
105, IRVING. 49 KING STREET EAST

Plum Pudding

Real English Plum Pudding already cooked for Christmas dinner. Persons wishing their own bowls or moulds used should order soon.

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Caterer and Confectioner
719 Yonge Street - Toronto
XMAS CAKE 25c. a LB.



BODEGA
FRESH
Green Turtle Soup
Always on hand at this Restaurant.
Sent to any address—\$3.00 per gallon.
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Leader Lane & Wellington St.

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Porcelain Fillings and Bridgework
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DR. FRANK PRICE ... DENTIST
HAS REMOVED TO
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IS OVER

But the family still drink coffee.

"Reindeer Brand"

CONDENSED COFFEE

ALWAYS IN SEASON

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MASSAGE—MISS JENNER, graduate of Charing Cross Hospital, London, Eng., is open to all nursing engagements. Telephone 3810. Address—6 Glen Road.

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WE WERE ASKED

last week to fill the following positions:
(1) Bookkeeper for manufacturing business. City, at \$800 per annum.
(2) Stenographer and Clerk, in commission house, City, at \$7.00 per week.
(3) Assistant Bookkeeper and Stenographer for a stationery house, City, at \$6.00 per week. These places will be filled with graduates of the

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE

when thorough training in business affairs enables them to fill such positions O. K. Particulars about our work cheerfully given. Address: W. H. SHAW, Principal, Yonge and Gerrard Sts., Toronto.

MR. F. G. BOWERS, M.A., Oxford
Honors in Classics and Modern History. Private tutor. Certified teacher of shorthand. 11 Wilton Crescent

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FOR GIRLS.
Established 1867. Toronto, Ontario
The school will reopen after the summer holidays on Wednesday, 8th September, 1897.
For calendar, terms, &c., apply to
MISS GRIER, Lady Principal.

British American Business College

(Limited)
Confederation Life Building, Toronto
Affiliated with the Institute of Chartered Accountants.
Under direction of following Toronto business men: Edw. Trout, Esq., Fred. Wyld, Esq., S. F. McKinnon, Esq., Wm. McCabe, Esq., F. L. A. K. R. C. Clarkson, Esq., F. C. A. Prospectus free to any address.
DAVID BOSKINS, Chartered Accountant, Principal.

DRESSMAKING.

BRAYLEY & CO.

350 COLLEGE STREET
wish to announce to their numerous patrons that they are prepared to execute orders for evening costumes at the shortest possible notice.
French Novelties in Millinery just arrived.

MRS. ROBERTSON

Infants' Outfits from \$10. (Late Mrs. J. Philip)
Ladies' Trousseau to order.
Children's Dresses from 30c.
Small Children's Clothing
All kinds to order.
6 College Street

Miss M. A. Armstrong

41 King Street West
Has just received a choice assortment of Parisian and American Novelties
Also the newest designs in

HATS and BONNETS

MILLINERY and DRESSMAKING

LATEST MODES

French Millinery Emporium
MRS. A. BLACK, MGR.
57 King St. West (Opp. Mail Office—upstairs)

INSURANCE.

FOUNDED A.D. 1710
The Oldest Purely Fire Office in the World

SUN FIRE

INSURANCE OFFICE OF LONDON, ENGLAND
Head Office, Canadian Branch - TORONTO
H. M. BLACKBURN, Manager.
Surplus over capital and all other liabilities exceeds \$1,000,000

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J. ALEX. CULVERWELL
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Children of Chance.



He was a representative product of the slums; He had no golden rule for distinguishing between right and wrong, save that, as policemen objected to certain things, it was not wise to do those things when an officer was near.

But as he and his companions always ran away whenever one of their number uttered the magic syllable "cop," no matter how innocent their diversion, it was not to be wondered at that his standards were somewhat confused. And if these things troubled this derelict of the lower

strata little, they troubled his parents less.

It had ever been a source of pride to Bill Williams' father and mother that they had evaded the officials and kept him out of school. His father found him useful to run certain kinds of errands at the end of the cul-de-sac in which the Williams family lived—a public-house and a pawnshop glared across the narrow way at each other as if in deadly rivalry—while his mother early discovered that the baby was better off in his charge than her own. Added to which both found him too convenient as a recipient of stray kicks and cuffs when their tempers were "up" to allow him to waste his time in a school.

It was when Bill was a stunted, old-looking boy of ten and the baby Sal was five that many things happened.

For several years he had contributed his share to the family funds by opening cab doors and selling matches, abandoning these more legitimate occupations for begging whenever opportunity offered.

Being quite able to take care of himself, it made little difference in his welfare when his father was sent to gaol for two years by way of punishment for damages done to the corner publican and his premises during a drunken brawl. The mother and the baby seemed to get on as well as usual, and it was several months before Bill began to realize that he could get along without a "home;" whereas, on the other hand, since his father's disappearance, the "family" had been a more than usually heavy drain on his resources, a drain that he one day resolved to end by the simple expedient of not returning at night to sleep in the one room that was the only shelter he had ever known.

But two weeks after he cut the family ties he suddenly thought that he would like to see the baby—Bill was fond of the baby—and climbed the steep stairs of the tenement house. The door of his mother's room was open. He stepped in and looked about, but not so much as a chair was left. He gave a prolonged whistle, and went across the landing to Mrs. O'Brien's to make enquiries.

"Where's me mother?" he asked, dispensing with preliminaries.

"Dead," replied the frowsy woman before him, with unconscious brutality.

"How?"

"Fell down the stairs an' broke her back. Hivin' rest her soul."

"Where's the baby?"

"The 'cop' took her to the work'us or some-where."

Bill turned away without another word, a queer feeling he had never known before inside his breast. He thought it was because Sal had gone to the workhouse, than which he held nothing in greater horror, not even the gaol.

With a heritage of vice and training in crime as his equipment for this world's warfare, Bill entered upon his independent career.

II.

It must have been some ten or twelve years after his mother's death—he had not kept track of time—that a summer morning found him on the outskirts of a suburban town. Bill always tramped for six months in the year. He had developed a taste for the country, for there he made a living easily, and met agreeable companions. This morning he was in a temper at variance with the sweet air that filled his lungs. It was already after ten o'clock, and so far he had been unable to obtain any breakfast.

Fortunately he spied a cottage in the distance, and bent his steps towards it. As he came near, the cottage resolved itself into a plain white building of a shape common in rural England, and he heard children's laughter and singing, and the tramp of little feet.

"It's a bloomin' school," he muttered. "No grub there."

Still, he did not continue his walk, for now there sounded from the piano a lively march which he had heard many a time on the barrel-organs in London. Besides, he saw in the square porch of the old-fashioned schoolhouse, beneath little coats and hats, several luncheon bags, evidently the property of little scholars who had come from a distance. He eyed the bags critically.

"There ain't a square meal in the whole lot, but they're better'n nothing;" and he stepped cautiously in and devoured the contents of the first three receptacles in the row in an incredibly short time.

He was consuming a dainty little sandwich, when, in the midst of the second mouthful, which was also the last, his eye fell on a little hole in the corner of a pane in the glazed glass door. Promptly he applied his eye to the aperture.

Once in command of the scene, Bill remained motionless and lost in amazement. Ten, twelve, seventeen, he counted, of the prettiest little creatures, boys and girls, he had ever looked at. Yes, he had seen children like them in the park, but never so many together, or with their hats off. Yellow curls and brown, blue eyes and black; but what impressed Bill most was the long array of crisp white pinafores; he scarcely thought such cleanliness could exist.

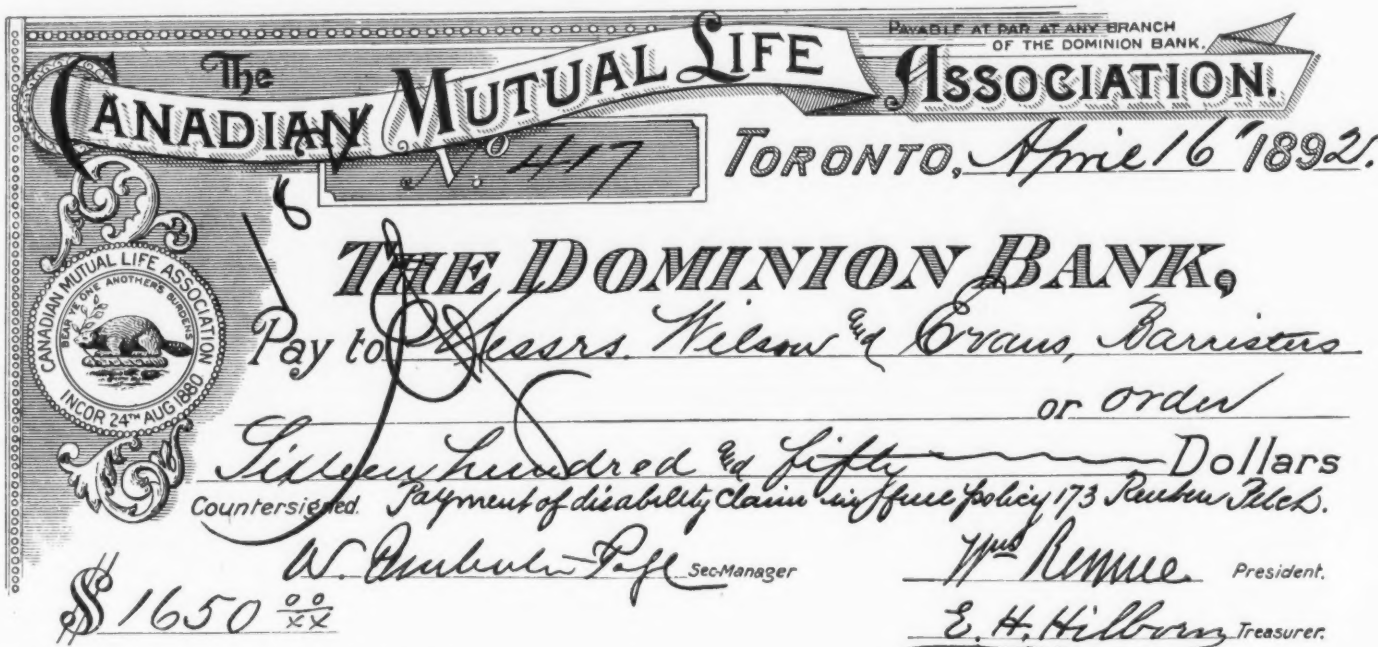
It was a kind of private kindergarten which the better class residents of the neighborhood

THE CURE WAS PERMANENT

The Story of a Man who Suffered the Agonies of a Living Death.

MEDICAL EXPERTS PRONOUNCED HIM INCURABLE AND HE WAS PAID A LARGE DISABILITY CLAIM.

The Case Probably the Most Wonderful in the History of Medical Science—Brought from Hopeless, Helpless Inactivity to Health and Strength—A Reproduction of the Check by which the Disability Claim was Paid.



No other medicine in the world has ever offered such undoubted proof of merit.

WHAT DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS have done for other: they will do for you, if given a fair trial.

From the Menford, Ont., Monitor.

About two years ago the *Monitor* procured an interview with Mr. Reuben Petch of Griersville in order to ascertain from his own lips if the reports were well founded that he attributed his most astonishing return to health to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The result of the interview was published in the *Monitor* under the date of January 17, 1896. Mr. Petch's case was certainly one of the most extraordinary in the annals of medicine in Canada—if not in the world. He had been ill for five years, and in that time he consulted no less than six of the best physicians he could find, but none could give him the least relief. His limbs and body were puffed and bloated to such an extent that he could not get his clothes on, and for two years he had not dressed. He had lost the use of his limbs entirely. His flesh seemed to be dead, and pins could be stuck into various parts of his body without being felt or creating the slightest sensation. He could not move about and if he attempted to get up would fall and would have to be lifted up. He was unable to open his mouth sufficiently to take solid food, and had to be fed with a spoon like a child. The doctors said his trouble was spinal sclerosis, and that he could not possibly get better. He was in fact nothing more or less than an animated corpse, so helpless was he. He was a member of the Canadian Mutual Life Association, and was under their rules entitled to disability insurance and made a claim for it. Two doctors, on behalf of the association, were sent to examine him, and they pronounced him incurable and permanently disabled, and in accordance with their report he was paid a disability insurance of \$1,650.00. This was about two years

after his sickness began. For three years more he lingered in the condition above noted, utterly helpless, and a burden to himself and friends. He was then advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He did not hope that they would help him, but in his sad condition he was prepared to grasp at anything that afforded the prospect of even a slight relief. The first change noted in his condition after he began the use of the pills was a disposition to sweat freely. Then life began to return to his hitherto dead body, and from that time on his progress towards recovery and activity was steady and certain.

The publication of the interview, containing the facts above noted, created unusual interest, not only in this section, but throughout Canada. That a man, whose limbs and body were all but dead, who had been examined by medical experts, and pronounced incurable and on the strength of their report was paid a large disability claim, should afterwards be cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, was looked upon as a marvel. Many were skeptical; not as to the cure—for the fact that he was actively going about proved this—but they did not believe it would prove permanent. In view of the doubts then expressed, the *Monitor* determined to watch the case closely, and now, nearly two years after the cure was first published, has again interviewed Mr. Petch, with the result that we are in a position to say most emphatically that this remarkable cure has proved permanent.

On being again questioned, Mr. Petch said: "You see those hands—the skin is now natural and elastic. Once they were hard and without sensation. You could pierce them with a pin and I would not feel it, and what is true of my hands is true of the rest of my body. Perhaps

you have observed that I have now even ceased to use a cane, and can get about my business perfectly well. You may say there is absolutely no doubt as to my cure being permanent. Indeed I am in even better health than when I gave the first interview."

"Do you still attribute your cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" asked the *Monitor*.

"Unquestionably I do," was the reply. "Doctors had failed, as had also the numerous remedies recommended by my friends. Nothing I took had the slightest effect upon me until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To this wonderful medicine I owe my release from a living death. I have since recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to many of my friends, and the verdict is in their favor. I shall always bless the day I was induced to take them."

The above are the chief statements made by Mr. Petch in this latest interview, and the *Monitor* may remark, from a long acquaintance with him, that we consider his statements absolutely true and reliable. He has no interest to serve other than a desire to recommend the medicine that has done so much for him, and we feel sure that if any sufferer will write Mr. Petch, enclosing a stamp for reply, he will endorse all the statements made above. We may further add that Mr. Petch's remarkable recovery leaves no doubt of the wonderful curative powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and it seems reasonable to infer that they will do for others what they have done for him—restore health and vitality.

The check at the head of this article is a facsimile of the one by which Mr. Petch's disability claim was paid and is given in further corroboration of his statements.

had established, and had installed therein as teacher a ward of Mrs. Humphrey Brandon's, one of their number.

As Bill watched, the little people, now sitting at desks, began to model in clay, while the teacher told a story of a mother bird and her birdlings; and one after another of the children went to her to show the nest and eggs which had grown as the tale progressed.

Looking and listening though he was, Bill neither saw nor heard a little girl who ran to the door behind which he stood, and pulled it open, revealing to the astonished teacher and children a disreputable, unshaven tramp.

The teacher sprang to her feet in alarm, though in an instant she was controlled, that she might not make the children afraid. She was a girl in the neighborhood of seventeen years, with a sweet and motherly expression born of constant contact with children, and she took a few steps towards the door.

"What can I do for you?" she asked.

Now, the unmasking of Bill's ambush had disconcerted him more than he would have acknowledged even to himself, and the effort at recovery of his self-possession caused him to assume the air of audacity which had made him for years the idol of the urchins of the London court.

"What kin you do for me? A lot, miss. I come to see you an' de little kids. Trot 'em out. Show me their paces;" and Bill seated himself in the seat lately occupied by the teacher, with an assumption of being very much at his ease.

"You mean that you would like to see them

go through some of their lessons?"

"Yes. An' hear 'em sing," commanded Bill.

Here was a way to quiet the children, who, in their accustomed routine, would forget the forbidding aspect of their visitor. Making them form a circle, their mistress led their thin, sweet voices in the song of the carpenter and farmer, with gestures illustrative of their occupations.

Bill looked on with an interest amounting to absorption. His mind went back to his own early days, and he dimly felt that its excitements were not to be compared to these delights. He thought of his father and mother. He had heard that his father died in gaol. He had never looked for his mother's grave—never even asked its whereabouts—but now he thought of Sal, and wondered. It was years since any of them had come into his memory. Now the teacher's voice reached him as from a distance, and her face was seen as through a mist.

"Would you like to see the children's weaving?"

Bill nodded grimly, without looking up, and gazed with an approach to reverence at the little figures that brought him pattern after pattern of woven strips of paper. He hardly saw the first one, but, as the mist cleared away, occasionally he nodded judiciously, saying: "A 1" or "Bloomin' pretty, little kid."

A feeling of shame came over him at being so touched, and he felt that his autocracy needed support; so he leaned back in his chair, thrust his thumbs into his armpits, and

ordered:

"Teacher, make 'em march."

III.

She had placed them in line, with the tallest boy at the head, and was passing by him to go to the piano, when the tramp suddenly exclaimed:

"Stop!" in a tone that made her knees vibrate.

"Where did you git that?" he said, pointing a dirty finger at a broken coin hanging from her watch-chain, and adding reassuringly:

"I ain't goin' to steal anything; don't be scared."

"This! I've had it always," returned the girl, holding up the coin with its engraving on one side. Bill took it between his thumb and finger, very much to her discomfort, and read on it in well-cut letters, "Bill," and on the other side, rudely scratched, "Sal."

There came to his remembrance, like a flash, the day when he had picked up that coin—broken and therefore unpassable—engraved with his name and with a hole drilled through it; and how he had taken it home, and had scratched on the other side with his knife the baby's name, and had tied it about her neck with a piece of pink string.

"Who are you?" he demanded, looking at her earnestly and still holding the coin.

"Salina Brandon."

"Who's yer father?"

The girl was almost crying.

"I don't know; I came from a home in Lon-

don. Mrs. Brandon adopted me and had me trained to teach."

"Why'd she call y' Sal?"

"They told her at the home that that was all of my name they knew, and they gave her this to keep for me."

Bill now was sure of her identity. He looked at her keenly, then sat down again, saying briefly:

"Set de kids agoin'."

While the merry march sounded against his deaf ears, Bill revolved the situation. Under ordinary circumstances, if he had found any one whom he could bleed for money, he would have bled them without hesitation. But, strangely enough, for the first time in his life, he did not want money.

He looked at her smooth hair, her sweet face, her neat dress; he watched her skill as the music ran out from beneath her swift fingers. His thinking resolved itself into a murmur inaudible to her.

"I guess she ain't got much use for a brother like me; and," he added, with grim humor, "I dunno as I should feel at home now with a sister like her."

So never a word said Bill on the subject, and when the march was over he took his leave.

"Much obliged, teacher, and much obliged to de little kids. I wish I had a school like this when I was a brat. Good-bye."

"Good-bye!" they shouted in chorus, and the little girl whose weaving he had described as "bloomin' pretty," even cried:

"Come again!"

Bill stepped into the open air, and looked at the blue sky, and up and down the road, but every thing seemed much dimmer than usual. Could his eyesight be going wrong? Then he walked off with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, whistling very loudly the march the teacher had just played.

Studio and Gallery

THE exhibition of Mr. L. R. O'Brien's pictures he intends giving the public, will be seen at Mr. Matthews' art gallery, Yonge street, commencing December 1 and continuing about two weeks. Canadian scenery alone is portrayed, and it is certain Canadians are not aware of how generous nature has been to us until we see it with Mr. O'Brien's eyes. Three views near High Park serve to illustrate this fact. They might be, from their diversity of expression, three scenes thousands of miles apart, when in reality they are but three moods of nature's character. The brilliancy and vitality of summer, the hazy, dreamy atmosphere of autumn, when nature seems to have melted into mys-

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tery, bring delicious sympathy with and delight in nature to the observer. Several scenes, including views of water, tender and quiet, recall Scott's words:

The pleased lake like maiden coy
Trembled but dimpled not for joy;
The evening shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lay
Like future joys to fancy's eye.

Scenes of East Toronto, of the Heights beyond Victoria Park, different aspects of Rose-dale scenery, two views of Scarboro Heights, several sunsets, are all extremely pleasing. Mr. O'Brien has faithfully brought out the distinguishing characteristics of Canada's quieter places. An effect of space, so sensibly felt here; beautiful elms, peculiar to Canada; sunsets, which might almost be called Canadian, for I am sure the sun is partial to Canada in bidding her good-night; silvery shimmering waters, suggestive of so much pleasure of various sorts—all make for themselves an easy entrance into the hearts of all who love the beautiful.

Mr. T. M. Martin has recently disposed of several of his paintings to prominent citizens of Montreal. Among the number were: The Interior of a Stable, which many will remember having seen at the recent Industrial Exhibition; A View on the Credit, and another in the Don valley.

Miss E. May Martin, O.S.A., has had the advantage of having been surrounded from her childhood with influences specially conducive to a development of the artistic faculties. In addition to this she has had also the benefit of a positive training in technical knowledge in the Ontario Art School and in her father's studio. Nature, however, has been her real instructor, and to her Miss Martin looks for her guidance and inspiration, studying constantly out of doors. Many exhibitions have contained samples of Miss Martin's efforts, and she has found material appreciation of her work, both here and in the United States. Decorative art has also had its charm for Miss Martin. She is at present teacher of ceramic art in the Bloor Street Ladies' College. In her summer's work she has ample evidences of diligent study, including many aspects of Muskoka scenery. Some very delightful views of waterfalls, including the Kah-she-she-bog-a-mog, MacDonald and Wasdell Falls, contain rushing waters, sparkling foam, rich verdure and brilliant foliage. Some quieter waters, with rippling surface, broken lights and quivering reflections, are shown in Sparrow and Muskoka Lakes. Three very domestic farm scenes, with a wealth of matured fields, log cabins and busy life, are home-like and pleasing. Several sunsets and early twilight effects have also taken form under Miss Martin's skilful hand.

A collection of decorated china by Miss Hendershott and her pupils will be on view for a few days in Mr. Withers' window, 445 Yonge street, near Carlton. Miss Hendershott's work was recently favorably noticed by us, and we take great pleasure in inviting the lovers of ceramic art to visit her studio, No. 2 College street, where much excellent work is in progress.

Mr. Henry Martin's many friends will be pleased to learn of the kind reception given to his pictures recently by the London public. Many art connoisseurs expressed their appreciation of them in a practical way by becoming possessors of them.

Mr. W. Blair Bruce of Hamilton has been making a name for himself in Sweden, where he has recently given quite a large exhibition of his paintings. The good people of Stockholm have combined with art critics, and even royalty, to heap blushing honors thick upon him. Kroyer, the great Danish painter, and Carl David, secretary of the Swedish Academy of Literature, both give very favorable criticisms of this talented artist, the latter characterizing him as having "the spark of genius and the power of thorough and conscientious study." Mr. Bruce commenced his art course in Hamilton under the tuition of Mr. Henry Martin.

Miss Janie Bertram has on view at the Pantechnetha this week a very pleasing display of decorated china. Miss Bertram is one of the late additions to the list of teachers of ceramic art, and gives good proof of her knowledge of her subject and ability to impart it.

Mr. Allward is a young Canadian sculptor of whom much more will no doubt be heard in the future. He is not even now unknown to the public. The statue commemorating the North-West rebellion, so much admired, and now in Queen's Park, is from his hand. The two figures of the Anna Pixley mausoleum in London are also his work. He is at present engaged on a statue of Dr. Oronhyatekha by order of the Foresters.

The combined exhibition of Messrs. Atkinson, Smith and Williamson, to be held on December 6 and 7 in the auction-rooms of Mr. Townsend, contains a very pleasing variety of scenes. A. C. Williamson's are scenes of interiors in Brittany, homely scenes of everyday life idealized and made harmonious and poetical; homely faces of Brittany peasants, dignified and serious, and artistic withal, in tones subdued and colors soft and tender. William (St. Thomas) Smith's marines are types of his latest style, ever growing as it is in power and expressiveness; great masses of moving, angry clouds, tempestuous waters, aspects of nature which commend themselves very strongly to Mr. Smith's artistic feeling; one particularly good effect of a stormy sea in moonlight, A Seam Trawler in a Storm. W. E. Atkinson's embrace scenes from Holland: Dutch villages, old windmills, and several soft evening effects low in tone and tender in feeling, as Mr. Atkinson's are wont to be. Some are in a higher key than usual with him, and cleaner in effect. Interspersed through both Mr. Smith and Mr. Atkinson's collection are bright bits of Devonshire, Dartmoor and Plymouth scenery, some with such a telling effect of light so thoroughly and successfully diffused throughout the scene as to give an effect of almost startling brilliancy to a picture whose tones are not startling and whose values are subdued.

The second term of the Central Ontario School of Art and Design in affiliation with the Ontario Society of Artists, commences on December 6. The course of instruction with hours of meeting for classes is given elsewhere in this paper. This school has had a creditable record in the past and promises well for the future. Mr. Cruikshank, teacher of the advanced course, has had many years' experience in teaching his special subjects and is in every sense well qualified to instruct others. Mr. G. A. Reid has had many years' experience in the work of a life-class and is a most successful teacher in this stage of art. The drawing and wood carving and engraving are under the charge of Mr. Hahn, whose work is well and favorably known to the Toronto public. Mr. Holmes is also another teacher of unquestionable merit. Those whose business requires a knowledge of art will do well to attend, especially the evening classes, as prominence will be given to design for various industrial purposes, and prizes awarded for the best practical effort of the students. Mr. George C. Downes, the secretary, will be glad to furnish further information at his rooms, the Toronto Art Gallery, 165 King street west.

A number of gentlemen interested in art in St. John, N.B., are about forming an art union. The object is to help local artists to dispose of their work.

To-day will be the first Saturday Studio Day of the season in Toronto, and the following studios will be open:

Mr. Armstrong, King street west.
Mr. L. R. O'Brien, (special exhibition), 95 Yonge street.
Mr. McGillivray Knowles, 141 Yonge street.
Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid, Yonge street Arcade.
Mr. W. A. Sherwood, Yonge street Arcade.
Miss Haggerty, York Chambers, Toronto street.
Mr. C. M. Manley, York Chambers, Toronto street.
Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy, Union Loan Building, Toronto street.
Mr. Bruenech, Union Loan Building, Toronto street.
Mr. T. Mower Martin, Union Loan Building, Toronto street.
Mr. Blatchly, 73 Adelaide street east.
Miss M. McConnell, 1 Pythian Block, Queen street.
Mr. E. Wyly Grier, Imperial Bank Building, Wellington street east.
Mr. J. W. L. Forster, 24 Manning Arcade.
Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, 331 Jarvis street.
Mr. O. P. Staples, 7 Maitland place.
Miss E. Windet, 46 Cecil street.
Miss Hemming, 16 St. Joseph street.
Exhibition of members' work of the Woman's Art Association, Ambrose Kent & Sons' gallery, Yonge street.
Exhibition of English pictures, Roberts' Gallery, 79 King street west.

Messrs. Roberts & Son, picture dealers, of 79 King street west, announce in our advertising columns a sale of high-class paintings by celebrated British artists, which should certainly attract the attention of those wishing to secure first-class work. The collection will be on view Friday and Saturday, and will be sold on Monday and Tuesday afternoons, December 6 and 7.

The death of old Sir John Gilbert calls forth many eulogiums from the daily press on his work as a painter. He was a full member of the Royal Academy, and up to the last was as persistent an exhibitor there as is the nonagenarian, Sir Sidney Cooper. Sir John was over eighty. It is not, however, as a painter that his name will go down to posterity in the

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annals of British art, but as an illustrator. As such he was unrivaled in his own field, and that was a wide one.

Some observations about the recent exhibition of paintings at Munich have a very general application, says the Boston Transcript. For instance, these simple rules for telling what school a painter belongs to:

If he paints the sky gray and grass brown, he belongs to the Old School.

If he paints the sky blue and the grass green, he belongs to the Realistic School.

If he paints the sky green and the grass blue, he belongs to the Impressionist School.

If he paints the sky yellow and the grass purple, he is a Colorist.

If he paints the sky black and the grass red, he is an artist of great decorative talent—great enough to make posters.

Some other observations of the Munich authority are more local in their character than these, but are nevertheless interesting. Visitors from Berlin, he says, can be invariably distinguished by their habit of stopping in front of all the good pictures and saying, "What a horror!" and of exclaiming, when they confront the daubs, "What a lovely picture!" And the Saxons can be identified by their way of resolutely refusing to buy a catalogue, and getting all their information about titles of pictures, and so on, from the hall attendants. We have our Saxons and our Berliners on this side of the water.

At a special meeting of the Woman's Art Association, held in St. John, N.B., on Saturday evening last, it was decided that the work

of preparing the studio for the coming exhibition be commenced immediately. A special table will be placed for the State Dinner Set. The lady artists are busy finishing work already begun for the exhibition.

The Sketch Club exhibition will open on Monday, December 6, at 3.30 p.m. His Excellency the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen will be present. On Tuesday there will be a private view for the members and their families, and the exhibition will be free to the public during the closing four days of next week.

Mr. Whistler has been snubbed by the Royal Academy! A few days ago someone in Italy sent to the artist a business circular, addressing it to him at "The Academy, England." The postoffice people added to the address the words, "Burlington House," and the postman took it there. But Burlington House declined to receive it and wrote on the envelope, "Not known at the R. A." It finally reached its destination, and its vicissitudes so amused the famous, if eccentric, painter that he sent the envelope to the Daily Mail, in whose columns it was reproduced, with this note: "Sir,—In these days of doubtful frequentations, it is my rare good fortune to be able to send you an unsolicited, official and final certificate of character. And I am, sir, your obedient servant, J. McNeill Whistler."

JEAN GRANT.

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Mary—I can't tell, ma'am, for the loife of me, for sure I covered the key-hole.

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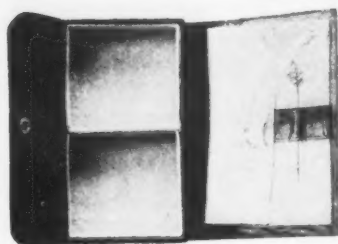
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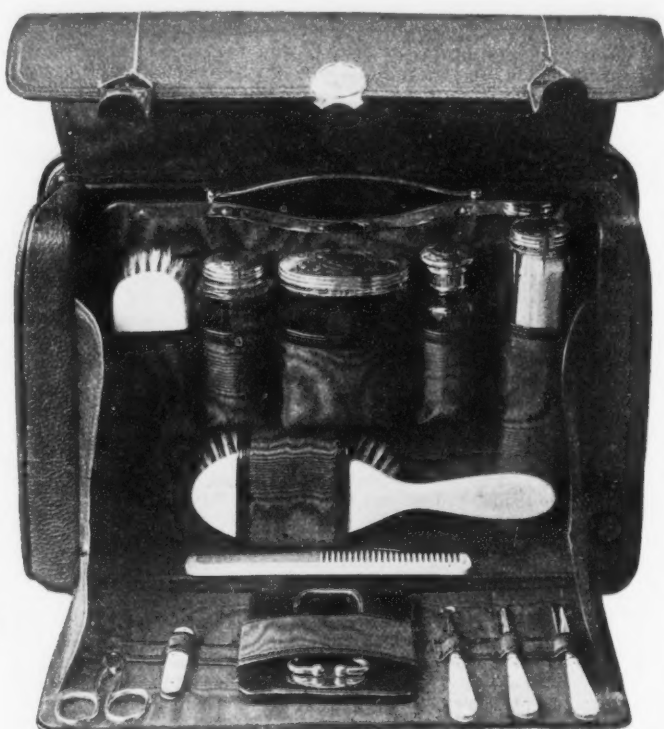
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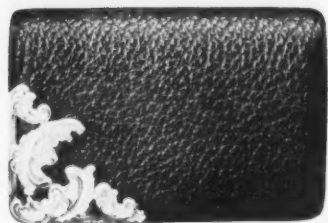
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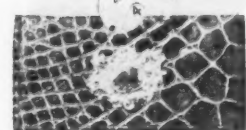
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Births.
BASTEDO—Wingham, Nov. 18, Mrs. A. G. Bastedo—a daughter.

Marriages.
FLETCHER-FORBES—At Chippewa Falls, Mass., on Tuesday, Nov. 30, by Rev. Newton Black, A. G. Ashton Fletcher, M.D., son of the late Ashton Fletcher, Q.C., to Eleanor Beatrice, daughter of Dr. Gordon Forbes.

Deaths.
JUKES—Wellington, B.C., Nov. 15, Phoebe Maria Jukes, aged 67.
WRIGHT—London, Ont., Nov. —, W. H. Wright, aged 38.
FOY—Nov. 30, Vincent Foy.

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ROPER—Dec. 1, Annie Roper.
CHEWETT—Nov. 30, William C. Chewett, M.D., aged 70.
GREEN—Dec. 1, Asenath E. Green, aged 47.
BRYDON—Galt, Nov. 30, Walter Brydon.
BRAYDON—Nov. 30, Stephen B. Braydon, aged 31.

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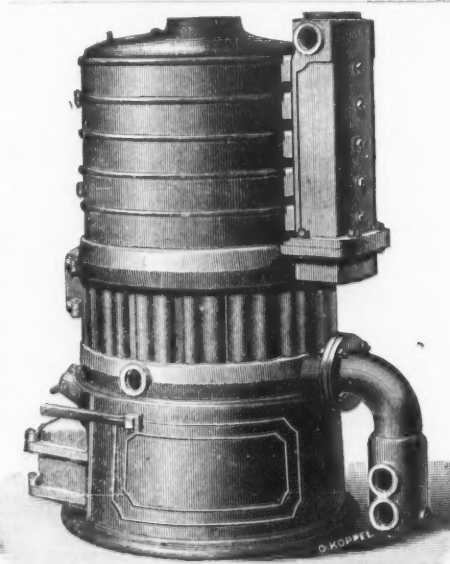
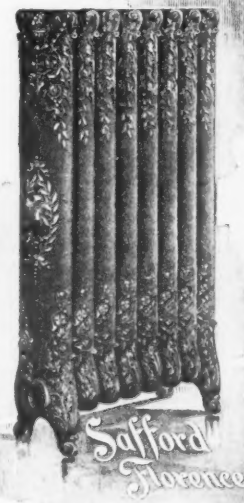
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